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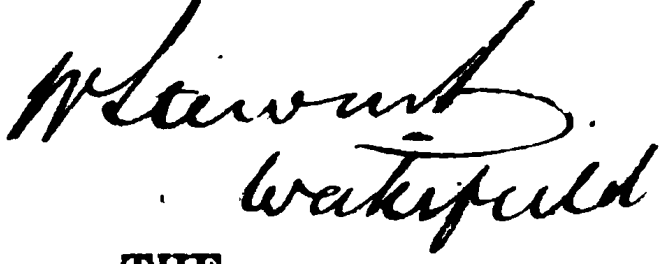

THE

Children's Friend.

EDITED BY THE

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VICAR OF EASTRY, KENT.

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THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE WIDOW'S LITTLE SON.

PART I.

THERE is nobody, my dear children, to whom you owe so much as your mother.

It was she who loved you when you were a little helpless babe, too young to love her. She fed and clothed you, comforted your heart when sorrowful, and now, I daresay, is watching her child with an anxious eye to see whether it follows in the way she has taught it to go.

Can you help loving your dear mother? Oh, no! I am sure you love her. But how do you show your love to her? Do you show it merely in kissing her, and calling her endearing names? Is this the only way you can show that you love her? My dear mother used to say to me when I was a child, "Actions speak better than words." The child who *really* loves its mother tries to please her in everything. To do what its mother would not wish, would make such a child very unhappy. I hope you, my little reader, are a comfort to your mother; that you are always ready to help her in anything she wants done. I hope you find pleasure in obeying her in everything she desires. Remember, your dear mother might be taken from you, and then how would you feel if you have been an undutiful child to her? How your heart would grieve, and how you would long that the days when you slighted her might come over again, so that you might behave differently.

I think the widow's son whom Jesus raised from the dead must have been a good son to his mother when he was alive,

or Jesus would not have given him back to her. You know a bad son is no comfort, but is like a thorn in the side of his mother. But I must begin my story; and I hope every little boy and girl who reads it will copy, in some way or other, the boy I am going to tell you of. It is quite a true story.

In a large manufacturing town in the north of England might have been seen, one Sunday evening in winter, a number of respectable people entering dirty alleys in all directions. They were on a particular purpose; they went into no house, but stopped every dirty ragged child they met, and invited it to leave the cold street, and to come with them to a bright, warm school-room, where it might learn to read, and *hear* a great deal which was very pleasant. On the first Sunday evening these kind persons brought to the school-room out of the streets 120 children; and the next Sunday double that number came of their own accord, and soon 500 children attended this evening school.

One evening, when the clergyman entered the school-room, he was very much struck with the appearance of one of the children, whom he had not seen there before. He was a boy of eight years old, he was very thin, and looked half-starved. He had on no shoes, no stockings, no trousers, no shirt, no waistcoat, no hat, nothing but an old coat; and what made it more strange-

looking was, that it was a red coat,—a soldier's coat! Of course it was much too large for the child; the front part came down to his knees, and the tails of the coat trailed behind on the ground. The sleeves, being much too long for him, were tucked back, showing the brown lining. There was not a button on the coat, but he had fastened it together with pieces of string. Such was the appearance of little H—— when Mr. R. first saw him.

A short time after H—— began to attend the Ragged-school, a tea-drinking was given to all the scholars. At the commencement of the treat a rule was made, and given out in the hearing of all the children. It was this: "The children may eat as much plum-cake as they like, but must not take any home; any child found taking cake home will be immediately turned out of the room." All went on smoothly for some time; at last Mr. R—— heard that a boy had been found pocketing cake. The boy was brought forward, and Mr. R—— saw before him his little friend in the red coat! When the child was asked why he had broken the rule, he began to cry, and said, "I haven't eaten a bit, I haven't stolen any, I've only saved what was given to me, and I'm going to take it home to mother." Poor boy! poor half-starved boy! he resisted the desire he must have felt to satisfy his hunger, because he would

rather his dear mother should eat the cake than himself.

Little H—— had no pocket in his red coat, so he had tucked the cake between his chest and the coat, where he thought it would be safe.

Mr. R—— felt wishful to know more about this affectionate boy, so he went to visit the mother. He first went through a broad, fashionable street, then turned into a narrow one, then into a narrower one on the left, and then into a court, where were five houses. Under the door-way of one house were steps leading down into a cellar. It was into this cellar the clergyman was directed to go. He found himself in a miserable room, almost dark—no table, chair, or bedstead. There was not a piece of furniture of any kind in it. But in one corner was a heap of straw covered with rags, and on it lay a woman; she was quite blind. She was little H——'s mother, and was supported entirely by the exertions of her little son, for she was a widow, and perfectly helpless. I shall hope to tell you another time some more about this good little son. LUCILLA.

(To be continued.)

BE TEACHABLE IN SMALL THINGS.

I HAVE often remarked that both servants and children resemble each other in one

particular point. I have noticed a *pettishness* when told in the kindest manner of their faults, *disobedience* when opportunities occur to avoid their duty, and an *unwillingness* to do things just in the manner in which they are desired to do them.

Now, nothing is a greater proof of ignorance in any one than a dislike to be taught and improved by others. The more we know, the more we shall feel and lament our deficiencies; and those who have really good-sense will always endeavour to add to their knowledge in this way.

Many people will pay great attention to what they consider matters of importance, while they will quite neglect what they call trifles; upon which, perhaps, none the less much comfort, health, and even life may depend.

I will give a little incident which will well explain what I mean.

A lady who had taken great pains to teach a young servant many things, had found occasion to speak to her very often about the careless manner in which she lighted a match. The girl was so quick and hasty in striking the match, that the lighted part generally flew off to a distance in the room, to the great risk of setting something or somebody on fire. Once the lady took the trouble to light one in order to show the servant how it ought to be done; this made the foolish girl very indignant, and she went off grumbling to her

fellow-servants, saying, "A fine thing, indeed, that I'm to be taught by Missers such a foolish thing as this; I've lighted more matches than she has, I'll be bound!" She had *wasted* more, I have no doubt, for she could seldom get one to light properly till she had tried half-a-dozen or more, and scattered them all about the room.

Well, it was not many weeks after the circumstance I have just related, when there was a great alarm of fire in the nursery. And, upon everybody running upstairs to see what was the matter there, sure enough this same girl was found to have set herself on fire—and whilst lighting a match! The lighted part fell on a thin muslin apron she wore, and soon she was all in a blaze. The flames communicated to the bed curtains, and it was with difficulty that the mischief was kept to that one room.

The disobedient, careless servant was dreadfully burnt, and it is said she will be a long time recovering; indeed, the doctors think she will not again have the use of one arm. I should hope she has well repented of her obstinacy.

I hope this little story will induce children to cultivate a meek and teachable spirit, remembering that our heavenly Father loves those who are humble in heart. There is a promise in His holy book which says, "The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way," Psa. xxv. 9.

M. A. B.

"TRY."

You would perhaps like to hear something about "Try."

Kitty was learning to read. She did not go to school; her mother taught her. Kitty liked to read her own little books herself; so for a while she always had Try with her at her lesson time. Kitty sometimes made Try leave her. Then she had a bad time. Try helps children in their lessons.

One day Kitty's mamma was going shopping. The little girl asked leave to go, and carry the new twine-bag her aunty gave her; "and I'll bring home all the bundles for you," she said. "Yes, my daughter," her mother said, "you may go if you learn your lesson in time; lessons first, you know."

Kitty ran into the nursery, took her primer, sat down on the stool, and found her place. "Try, Try, Try," said Kitty. Try was ready to help her. This was her lesson:—

"Betty is a naughty girl.
Tom hurt his wrist."

She could read it, and now she was to learn to spell the words without looking on. Presently Puss came creeping along the floor after a ball of red worsted. Kitty set it rolling with her foot. Puss ran after the ball, and Kitty ran after Puss, and soon they were in a scramble under the bed.

Try of course went off, for he came to study, not to play.

"Oh, Kitty," said Sarah, "your mother will get ready before you, and then she won't wait." The little girl came back to her primer. Try did not come. Puss did, and jumped up in her lap. Kitty called Try, but he could do nothing with a cat in the lap. Soon mother came into the nursery. She sat down to hear Kitty's lesson. "Betty is a naughty girl." Kitty could spell all but "naughty," that she tried all ways, twisting the letters this way and that, and always the wrong way. "I don't believe she *was* naughty," said Kitty, looking very sorry and discouraged.

Then her mother tried her on the next sentence, and there was another hard word. Kitty could spell all but "wrist," and she tried it with an "r" and a double "r," and a "y" and "z." "Oh," said Kitty, "it begins with that no-business letter, and I can't think what it is." "I am afraid Try has not been with my little daughter," said mamma, giving her back the primer and going away. Kitty sat down with a puckered face. Try and Ill-humour were both ready to join her, but they never came together. If Ill-humour came, Try stood aloof; if Try came, Ill-humour ran away.

Kitty bent over her primer as if she meant to master "naughty" this time. Try now came back, and Kitty studied and studied.

Puss came purring along, but she took no notice of her. A hand-organ man ground out music below the window, but Kitty never moved from her stool. She gave her mind to the lesson, and therefore, when her mother returned, she jumped up with a joyful smile. "Please hear me, mamma." Every word was spelled right. Her mother smiled, and the little girl put on on her boots and ran to fetch her bonnet, feeling very happy. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," is a text for children as well as for grown-up people.

LITTLE STRINGS.

Did you ever see a gutta-percha face, children? And did you ever amuse yourselves with pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? When you cease pulling and pinching it, it returns to the same face as it was before.

Now your little faces are softer than gutta percha, and they are full of little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way, and pull them another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression, and we know by looking at you just how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little

muscles pull your faces into smiles and dimples.

But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and O! what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute! Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit, and each brings its own expression over the face.

The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often, it does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression. By indulging in evil passions, people may work their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes when you meet a man in the street you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or if a man has learned to love to hoard up money for its own sake, his face gets a mean, grasping look, and we say when we pass him, "There goes a miser." Or if he has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces, that everybody will love to look at? *Then don't let the ugly passions get hold of the strings.* Put them into the hands of love and charity, and goodwill and

truth, and honesty, and then they will be beautiful faces.

I have seen faces without a single handsome feature, that were sweeter to look at than the most perfect features that ever were formed. And why? It was the *expression.* And what makes the expression? O! it all depends upon whether the bad passions or the lovely graces get hold of the *little strings.*

JOHN BORROW, THE HONEST SHEPHERD BOY.

It was a cold, wintry morning when John Borrow left his home as usual to tend the sheep of Farmer Jones. In one hand John carried his frugal meal, and in the other he held a shepherd's crook. He walked briskly along, whistling as he went, now

tossing with his feet the still untrodden snow, and then occasionally running back to slide where his own feet had made a way. Had you looked into the bright, sunny face of John Borrow, you would not have been surprised at his cheerful gait. His countenance bore the impress of a happy disposition, and a warm, confiding heart.

John had been carefully brought up by his only surviving parent, a poor mother; he was her only son, and, though she had many little daughters to share her maternal care, still she seemed to think that her first-born, the one who was to be the stay and support of the family, needed the most of her watchful love.

Hitherto John had not disappointed her, he was beloved by all for his open, frank manners, and his generous, honest heart; and he promised fair to become all that his mother had so earnestly prayed he might be.

But while I have been telling you a little about our young friend, he, in spite of his playing a little by the way, has reached his destination. He first deposits his dinner in the trunk of an old oak, which always serves him for a closet, and then he begins to feed the poor sheep, who do not seem to enjoy the cold weather so much as himself.

John manages to spend a very happy day alone in the meadows with his sheep and his dog. Sometimes he tries how

Pepper likes snowballing; sometimes he runs up to the windmill, not far off, to see if he can get any other little boys to come and play with him. This morning, however, he had a little more business to do than usual, he had to take the sheep to another fold, where they would be more sheltered from the wind. And just as he is in the act of driving them through the large field gates, he sees Farmer Jones coming towards him.

"John," exclaimed the farmer, as he came up to the other side of the gate, "have you seen my pocket-book about anywhere? I was round here about half an hour ago, and must have dropped it."

"No, sir, I have not seen anything of it, but I'll look about if you like."

"That's a man, John, be quick, for its got money in it, and I don't at all wish to lose it—we will hunt together."

Whereupon they both separated, one going one way, and the other another, with their eyes on the ground searching for the missing treasure.

Presently John heard Mr. Jones calling him in a loud voice from the other end of the field.

John, thinking the book was found, came running with great alacrity, but as he drew near the old oak where Farmer Jones stood, was taken somewhat aback to see the look of anger and suspicion depicted on his master's face; and still more was he sur-

prised when he saw the missing book lying open by the side of his own dinner, and Mr. Jones pointing to it.

"Well, sir, what does this mean?" exclaimed the indignant farmer, "I thought you told me you did not know where it was!"

John, whose amazement at the strange circumstance was very great, and whose sense of honour was no less so, felt the colour mount to his cheeks, as he replied,

"Yes, sir, and I spoke the truth."

"Then how do you account for my finding it open in the trunk of an oak close to your dinner?"

"That I cannot say; this only I know, that I did not put it there."

But Mr. Jones would not be convinced; the fact seemed to him so clear, and so self-evident, for John acknowledged he had not seen any one else about there this morning; so, after severely reprimanding the poor boy, he dismissed him on the spot from his employment.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of poor John, as he slowly found his way home that evening. To be deprived of the means of assisting his dear mother was bad enough, but to be suspected of lying and stealing was to simple, honest John almost too hard to bear; he consoled himself, however, with the thought, Mother will believe me.

Yes, and his mother did believe him, and

told him not to feel angry with Farmer Jones, for appearances were certainly against him, and he did not know him as well as she did; besides, she added, truth must come out some time or other.

And so it did, though it was months afterwards; and I will tell you how.

John had been long seeking another situation, but no one would take him on account of the apparent blot on his character. This cost John many a tear and many a sigh, but he trusted that God would right him, and he was not discouraged.

One day he went to see a gentleman who had inquired for a lad to work in the garden. As usual, John told his story just as it was, and his face brightened when the gentleman said, "Then that must have been your dog I saw with a book in its mouth. I was riding through the field you mention one day, some months back, and I saw a dog with a book in its mouth run and put its head into the trunk of an old oak."

John clapped his hands for joy, exclaiming, "I knew the truth would come out; then Pepper, poor Pepper, it was his kindness to me that caused all the trouble; he thought it was mine, and he took it to where I always keep my dinner, and then, I suppose, in dropping it into the hole it came open."

John lost no time in acquainting Farmer Jones with these circumstances, who was

very sorry for his suspicions, and wanted to take him back; but John, who saw some chance of promotion in the gentleman's garden, declined the favour.

John remained some time with his new master as garden boy; but he became so great a favourite, both amongst the family and servants, that he was afterwards taken into the house, where he remained in the capacities of page, footman, and, finally, confidential valet to his kind master until his death. He never married, in order that he might be the better able to support his widowed mother and his four sisters.

See, my dear children, how true it is, that "all things work together for good to them who love God." M. G.

THE BIBLE ON BOARD.

At the annual meeting of the Dartmouth Bible Society, held on September 9th, a gentleman addressed the Chairman nearly in the following words:—

"Honoured Sir,—I can readily believe that many persons present are somewhat curious to know what I am going to say. I will not, however, detain you more than a few minutes, after what you have already heard.

"About forty-two years ago, there dwelt in this our old town, and within twenty yards of this room, a venerable Christian

man, who was wont in his hours of leisure to visit the sick and the distressed, the widow and the fatherless, in their affliction. One day, when pursuing his way on these errands of mercy, he chanced to drop in upon a poor widow and her children, who were lamenting the recent loss of their only support, and knew not where to look for assistance or comfort. That Christian man drew from his side-pocket the Book of consolation, and read therefrom some of the gracious words applicable to such a case. He directed that poor family to the God of all comfort, and showed them the blessed invitations especially addressed to the widow and the fatherless to trust in Him, and implored these mourners to believe these promises,—yea, never to doubt their truth. This venerable man had a word for the children as well as for their surviving parent. Putting his hand on the head of the little boy, then about eight years old, he said, 'The Lord bless the lad and make him a blessing!'

"Time rolled on, but that little boy was not forgotten by that Christian gentleman. Many a kind word did he have, and in due time he became a sailor-boy on board one of the ships of which that good man was the owner. When on the point of sailing, he was sent for by his venerable friend, who gave him much good advice, prayed with him, and presented him with one of the Bibles of the British and Foreign Bible

Society, of which he was in the habit of receiving copies, your Branch of the Society not having been established until some years afterwards.

"The boy and the Book were carried over many thousands of miles of the mighty ocean in safety, until it so happened, when on one particular voyage, that the ship was overtaken by a succession of terrific storms. She was much injured, and there was every probability that all would be lost. This state of things continued for many weeks, during which the crew were on short allowance of food, but particularly of water; and death, in a double form, was threatening all on board that unfortunate vessel, with no hope of consolation at hand. It was then discovered that the little boy had a Bible, the only copy of the blessed Book on board. It was eagerly sought after, and read every day by the affrighted mariners, while prayer was frequently offered up by the anxious captain and a gentleman who was a passenger on board.

"It pleased God, after that ship had been tossing about on the face of the mighty waters for three months and three weeks, to bring her back to this port.

"Do you wish, dear friends, to know who that venerable Christian man was? He was the father of your respected and honoured Secretary, now on the platform. And the little boy stands before you as the

humble individual to whom you have been kindly and patiently listening.

"Here I must end; but if time allowed I could tell you much more of the effects of this Book. I do not say that I owe all my happiness on earth, and my hopes for eternity, to the fact which I have related; but I do say that it was the first step heavenwards; and if a change has been mercifully wrought in me, it has been by the pure Word of God. And I regard it as one of the privileges of my life that I have spent a portion of it in reading that Word to others."

A NEW YORK BOY.

A NEATLY-DRESSED, dapper little boy, looking not more than thirteen years old, came in to see us lately. He is one of our old friends, and one of the best little fellows we ever had to do with, and just now is holding an important position in the United Theological Seminary, where all students know little Johnny M——, who sells old furniture and nick-nacks, and is general commission merchant for the establishment. We asked him about the times; he seemed to have found them hard as well as other people, but not for the same reason. The trouble with him, he says, is that the students buy at the wholesale shops as cheap as he can, and he cannot make much by peddling to them. Still, he had that term

cleared sixty dollars on furniture, which he thought pretty well.

"But what do you mean to do with it, Johnny?"

"Oh, I am going to pay my education with it, sir."

"Education! where?"

"At the West, sir. I am going to Oberlin, and I am thinking to be a minister!"

He then said he was already studying Latin and Greek. "But, Johnny, how did you come to this? Tell me about your history before you were in the News-boys' Lodging-house."

"Well, I will, sir. You see, father he was an architect, and we lived up in —— street, my stepmother and brother and sister and me, and we didn't get on very well. So at last father he sent me out one day to beg—it was a cold, snowy Saturday, I remember, and I hadn't any shoes—with my little brother. We only got four cents in the morning, and with that we went over the ferry to Jersey City, and there we got half a dollar, and then as we were coming back a gentleman on the boat saw me with bare feet, and he gave me a two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece. So I brought home the gold, and father was very glad, and sent me right out for a pint of rum, and that night they were both as drunk as they could be. I knew they wouldn't let me have money for our breakfast, so I had

kept the fifty cents, and we children bought our own breakfast, and then cooked it while they were asleep. And when father woke up he was very angry because we had cooked the breakfast, and he wanted to know where we got the money, and then he beat me. After that they used to send me out often for begging and picking up wood, and father would say, 'You can take it wherever you can find it,' and so I began stealing."

"How much could you earn, Johnny, at begging?"

"Oh, sometimes two dollars a day, sir, so that I supported all the family; and after awhile father didn't work at all, but just drank all we earned. I would sell little books, too, and go out barefooted, and I could always get enough. But, finally, one day I said something about it to my step-mother, how she lived on what we made, and how they drank it up; and she told father, and he first caught me by the throat and nearly choked me, and threw me into the corner, and there he beat and kicked my head; and I thought he would kill me, and I hoped he would. I asked him to kill me, for I said I would rather be killed than live so, begging and stealing, and being scolded and beaten so.

"Well, the very next morning they sent me out again with my little brother; and I thought to myself I would not come back again. Brother and I, we made that day

about two dollars, and at night we got into a Dutchman's rag-cart, and he covered us up with some old stuff. Then we sent home some of the money by my sister to father, but we did not go back. We used to make considerable some days; and at last we slept in the Fulton ferry-boat, down where the firemen are. They used to give us a place to sleep, and a cup of tea sometimes.

"Finally, some one told us of the Newsboys' Lodging-house, and said if we were orphans we could get a bed there for sixpence. So me and brother went there, and I said to Mr. Tracy that I hadn't any father or mother, and he took me in. But in a day or two I felt so bad at telling a lie, that I confessed to Mr. Tracy all about it. By-and-by, my Sabbath-school teacher heard about how I was living, and offered me a place to board in the Seminary for one dollar a week, and said there was a chance to support myself and get an education. And there is where I am now.

"My brother, you know, got a place in the country from the society; and I want a place for my sister. My father died some time ago, and Mr. C—— and I were there the night he died.

"And now I'm thinking if I can get out West to Oberlin I can study, and do jobs enough to pay my board."

This was the story of the little fellow; and we wonder whether there are many more manly ones in any class of society.

HYMN

FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read and when I play,
Let me ever keep in view
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed,
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my Heavenly Father's care;
Thanking Him for all His love,
Sent me from His home above;
Praying Him to kindly make
Me His child, for Jesus' sake.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1. WHERE is this written, and to what does it refer:—"Thou didst walk thro' the sea with thine horses?"
2. Of what were the sails of the ships of Tyre made?
3. Where is it said of the Israelites that God "suffered no man to do them wrong?"
4. Who "dwelt in Jerusalem in the college?"
5. What are the things which "defile the man?"
6. When was it that none of the disciples durst ask Jesus, "Who art thou?"
7. What was the place "whose rampart was the sea?"
8. Why did St. Paul "take pleasure in infirmities?"

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(89.) Prov. xviii. 21. (90.) Jer. vii. 24. (91.) Luke xiii. 24. (92.) Jer. xxiii. 24. (93.) Rom. xv. 6. (94.) Acts xv. 26. (95.) John xvi. 24. (96.) Psa. xi. 7.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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SWEDEN.

If you take a map of Europe, you will see to the north, at the left hand side, two countries called Norway and Sweden, which look as if they were one land, and so they are in one sense, for they are governed by one king, Oscar I. It is about Sweden that I wish to talk to you especially to-day.

It is a very cold country, surrounded by barren rocks, lakes, and mountains, which are covered with snow for a great part of

the year. There is no spring and autumn there; the summer comes on so suddenly that the valleys are green in a few days, which before were covered with snow; this lasts for three months, and in this short season they sow and plant.

When their long winter goes away, the Swedes celebrate the return of summer by dancing round a May-pole. The Swedes are in general healthy, cheerful, polite, and courageous; and can endure hunger, cold, and poverty.

A large part of them live on milk, cheese, and fish.

In winter, they clothe themselves in furs and sheep-skins. The women work much harder than the men; they plough, thresh out the corn, row upon the water, serve the bricklayer, and carry burdens.

The present inhabitants are much more civilized and far less cruel and wild than their ancestors. They did strange things in those olden times. One of the most curious was their funerals. The ancient Swedes followed the example of Odin in their funerals. He was a very great conqueror, and fought very bravely; but the religion he taught was a strange mixture of mercy and murder, freedom and superstition. While he lived he had immense influence over the people, who feared and almost worshipped him.

After he had gained many glorious victories, he retired into Sweden; where,

feeling that his death drew near, he would not wait for a lingering illness to put an end to the life, which had escaped so many dangers on the field of battle. So he called his friends round him, and gave himself nine wounds in the form of a circle with the point of his lance, and many other cuts with his sword. As he was dying, he declared he was going back to take his seat among the other gods at an eternal banquet, where he would receive, with great honours, all who should expose themselves bravely in battle, and die with their swords in their hands. As soon as he had breathed his last, they carried his body to Sigtuna, where, as he had wished, his body was burnt with much pomp and magnificence.

In imitation of their departed leader, old men, when they felt weak and feeble, would throw themselves over the lofty cliffs; and soldiers who felt their wounds to be incurable, stabbed themselves, like Odin, with a sword. Sacrifices were generally offered at the mounds, or barrows, in which their ashes were entombed; and martial games, called hemp games, were held over the graves.

The Walhalla, or heaven to which these poor deluded people hoped to go, was a very different place to the abode of rest and peace to which our Saviour has opened the way. Those who were most likely to go there, were such as had a great deal of money in this world. Robbery and piracy

were encouraged by a system which made a man's place in the next world to depend upon the amount of wealth he had gained in this. A poor man was unworthy of a place in the Hall of Odin, unless he had followed in the bloody train of a great lord. How different this from the words of the Apostle James, "Hearken, my beloved brethren. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?"

The Swedes held oaths to be so sacred, that, after death, any one who had broken one was supposed to wander side by side with the murderer and very wicked person, in streams of venom, at the strand of corpses, remote from the sun, in the castle which is woven of the spines of snakes; and to this day the common people among the Swedes believe that no grass will grow above the grave of a perjurer. This sounds, no doubt, very foolish to you; and yet there is a lesson you may learn from the poor ignorant Swedes. For it would be a shame for children brought up in Christian England to be behind the ignorant Swedes in keeping their word.

And now I will turn your attention, dear children, to a much more pleasing picture. A thousand years have passed away since Christianity first spoke to the hearts of Sweden. Odin is not forgotten, but, instead of worshipping him, he is

thought of as an evil spirit and troubler of mankind. Selfish, unkind, and disobedient children are called the servants of Odin, and any ugly noise is ascribed to his agency.

In the picture at the beginning of this story, you see a group of Swedes assembled to receive the coffin which has been brought across from the opposite shore in a boat. It is summer time, as you see from the bright light streaming on the waters, and, instead of the sad funeral rites of which I told you at the beginning, I will tell you what sort of a graveyard Madame Pfeiffer (who has lately travelled there) says is prepared for the dead. "One seems," she says, "in a lovely garden laid out with arbours, lawns, &c. The graves are half-concealed by arbours; many are ornamented with flowers and wreaths, or hedged by rose bushes;" and the heaven to which the pious Swedes now look forward, is the same as you are taught to hope for, dear children—a blessed home where those who have loved and followed Jesus on earth will live with Him for ever, free from sin and sickness, and where sorrow and sighing shall be for ever done away.

M. G.

LITTLE MARY AND THE OLD WOMAN.

A HAPPY, bright little girl is Mary P——; and I believe it is because she is always

trying to do some one a kindness. I went one day to see a poor woman, eighty-six years old, who lives by herself in a dark basement room, and who depends entirely upon charity for her support. On my return, I was relating an account of my visit to Mary's mother. The little girl listened with great interest, and then said, "O, mother, please let me carry her over some breakfast and dinner every day, we have so much left, much more than she could eat." The child had the matter so much at heart, that the mother consented; and now you can see this little girl, after breakfast and after dinner each day, filling a basket with good and wholesome food for old Mrs. G——. Many a fine apple, peach, plum, and pear are slipped into the basket to refresh the poor woman's feeble appetite.

No matter how eager her little sisters are for Mary to play with them; no matter how hot the sun, or how heavily the rain pours down, little Mary never gets tired, and never forgets to provide the breakfast and dinner for the poor woman. Sometimes she takes the Bible and reads her some beautiful chapters; for the poor woman is almost blind, and it comforts her much to hear the blessed Word of God. Sometimes Mary takes her doll's frocks and sits down by her side, and sews awhile, and chats away merrily to amuse her. "She brings a ray of sunshine with her every time she comes," said the poor woman with

tears in her eyes, "which brightens up my dark room long after she has gone. She is one of Christ's own flock, I am sure."

Mary is but eight years old. Some of you have, perhaps, thought that you were not old enough yet to do anything for Christ and His poor. Is there no poor woman or hungry child to whom you can take the food which would never be missed from your plentiful store? P.

THE WIDOW'S LITTLE SON.

PART II.

I TOLD you in my last paper of the very miserable room which was little H——'s home. Be thankful, dear children, that you have a better one. Remember it is to God's goodness you owe all your comforts.

Mr. R—— knew a gentleman who, at the time of the famine in Ireland, had suits of clothes made for the poor people there; so he sent a message to this gentleman, asking him, if he had a suit left, to give one to little H——, who had nothing but a red coat to cover him.

One Sunday morning, when Mr. R—— entered the Sunday-school room, the sunniest face he had ever seen met his eye. It was his red-coated friend, but looking so different, it was difficult to know him. H—— was now dressed from head to foot in a salmon-coloured suit, and had joined

the Sunday-school, thinking the Ragged-school was not the place for him in his new clothes!

One day a tradesman said to Mr. R——, "I want a boy to run errands, do you know of one?" "Yes," said Mr. R——, "I think young H—— would do? Try him at all events, you can but *try* him!"

So H—— went on trial; first he received eighteenpence a week, then being found a good boy his wages were raised to two shillings; then to two-and-sixpence; then to three shillings; and then, by a great jump, to four-and-sixpence a week.

When he found himself earning so much as this he was delighted, and he said to his mother (as she afterwards told Mr. R——), "Mother, when a boy like me gets four-and-sixpence a week, it 's time we should rise in the world!"

And they did rise. Next time Mr. R—— went to see them, he found them no more in the cellar, but in a comfortable room (though without any furniture), above the cellar, on the ground floor.

When they had been in this new room for some time, Mrs. H—— said to her kind clergyman, "I don't know how it is, Sir, but a little while ago I couldn't have told you whereabouts the window was, and now I see a faint glimmering of light." Her sight grew better and better till she could see again quite well, and was able to support herself and other children. It was

being in the dark damp cellar which had made her blind.

Some young ladies were very kind to her. They saved up their money and bought furniture for her. By degrees they gave her some chairs, a table, and a bedstead. Mrs. H—— was one day heard to say, that she "would be the happiest woman in the world if she possessed a mangle!" These young ladies, with the help of richer friends, bought one for her. They had it brought into her room one afternoon when she had gone out charing, and were near to see her surprise and joy, when she returned and beheld her new gift.

How different would the state of this poor family have been if H—— had not been a dutiful boy. Many boys would have spent their money on their own pleasure; little H—— gave all to his mother. Many boys prefer play to work; this boy was diligent, he did his best, and was able to support his mother.

Mr. R—— does not know that anything that H—— was taught had been blest to his soul. But his elder sister had been in the habit of reading books that he had brought from school to her mother; and these books God used as the means of changing her heart. The hardships this poor girl had gone through in former days had been too much for her to endure, and she died of consumption, but trusting in Christ.

Now I have finished my story, but do not stop here; and do not read it without asking yourself whether you are like the little boy I have told you of. This boy was diligent, loving, dutiful, and trustworthy. Dear reader, try to copy him; then you will be a comfort to your parents, and be blest by God. Jesus Christ sets you a bright example. How dutiful He was to His earthly parents, though He was the Son of God! He never caused His mother one sigh; never troubled her by naughty behaviour. What! could you be a grief to her who loves you so fondly? Many children cause their parents much sorrow. Oh! be not like them, but in every way try your best to be a help to your parents, and may they rejoice over you. Ask God's help, for we are so weak that in our own strength we can do nothing. Ask God's help, to enable you to follow in the steps of His blessed Son Jesus Christ, who, when a child, was "subject to His parents." It is written in God's word, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." LUCILLA.

THE CIRCUS.

A CIRCUS came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys agog. Shillings and sixpences were in great demand; and many a choice bit of money did the circus-

riders carry away, which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking round the premises with a great deal of curiosity. "Halloa, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?" "No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em."

"Oh, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me money if he thought 't were best; besides, I've got half-a-crown in my strong-box, twice enough to go."

"*I'd go,* Johnny, for once; it 's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man; "your father needn't know it."

"I sha'n't," said the boy.

"Now *why?*" asked the man.

"'Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been, I couldn't *look my father right in the eye*, and I *can* now."

THE POST.

Few things are more remarkable than the great speed, accuracy, and cheapness with which our letters travel about from one part of the country to another. Not many years ago, in the time of coaches, a letter which

now takes ten hours to perform its journey, would have taken almost as many days. And, instead of costing one penny, as it does now, it would cost then eightpence or one shilling. This caused people to write very few letters. So few, indeed, were the letters which then passed about, that some people can yet remember when the mail-coach came in one day to Edinburgh from London with only one letter in its bags! Now the trains on the railway are laden with full bags; and every year wonderfully increases the number of letters. Persons who could not afford to pay a shilling very often, will manage to find a few pence. Boys at school, who used to write home once a month, now write to their friends every week.

There is one thing which I sometimes think requires to be borne in mind, and it is that frequent and cheap letters are apt to make slovenly writers. I am inclined to think, that the schoolboy who used to write home once a month, and whose parents had to pay one shilling for his letter, took more pains with his writing and his sentences than the boy who writes twice a week. He is apt to scrawl across the page in any way, for he says, "It doesn't matter, and it only costs a penny."

Now it is owing to our railroads, and good turnpike roads, and most of all to our wonderful Post Office, that we can send and receive our letters so cheaply, and

rapidly, and accurately. How seldom a letter goes wrong! In other countries things are very different. Even on the continent, in France and Germany, letters are a long time finding their way about, and are very frequently lost.

In countries less civilized, such as India for instance, things are very much worse. There there are few roads, and the natives seldom or never write to each other at all. But the English must communicate with

each other; and, accordingly, our letters are carried on men's shoulders, as you see in the picture. They are called *Dawks*. They keep up a running pace; and when they have run as far as they can, they are relieved by others, who take the letter bags on. Letters travel in this way faster

than you might suppose; but it is very different from a railway pace.

Ah, how many sad letters have those men carried! Some letters which have told children of the death of their fathers in battle; others which have told children of the murder of their dear parents by the Sepoys. We trust that they will now bring better and happier news, of the success of our armies in India, and of the speedy return of all our brave soldiers to their own country. O.

STORY OF A DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

In Warwickshire there once lived a deaf and dumb boy, whose sullen temper caused a continual broil to exist in the family. The father, who was a besotted drunkard, frequently beat his son; the mother, pious creature, full of sympathy for her offspring, often warded the blow off her son's head and received it on her own. Dumb as he was, the boy told lies, stole, and fought his brothers and sisters. He was, indeed, hopelessly bad.

At last he was sent by the aid of friends into an asylum for those afflicted with his malady. When about to be taken away, in his rage he offered the greatest resistance; kicking, struggling, and even biting and spitting at those who endeavoured to secure him in the cart. When

at last he was secured, the prospect of leaving his home and his mother, whom he now for the first time seemed to love, overwhelmed him so, that he sent forth one gibbering cry, putting a finger to his mouth and keeping his eye fixed upon his mother. His removal from the cart at the other end was just as difficult as placing him in it before he left.

For some time he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep. He was continually fighting with his mates, and neither kindness nor severity seemed to affect him in the least degree. The master was a wise, patient, and pious man, and promised him, that as soon as he could write he might write home to his mother. This would not do. The master then told him that as soon as he could read he should be allowed to go home to his mother. This promise caused the poor dumb boy to jump into the air for joy. He began to learn to read with diligence, for he felt that the better he got on with his book, the nearer he was to home and to his mother.

His mother came one day unexpectedly to the asylum. She found him changed, and she too was changed. Perhaps the consciousness of not living much longer caused the poor consumptive mother to come and take leave of her son.

By the time the holidays had come on, the poor boy's mother was dead. When

the intelligence was brought to him, there was no outburst of feeling. He fell into a fit, and the blood gushed from his lips. For days and weeks he seemed to be scarcely conscious. Her malady proved hereditary, and the poor boy was taken home to die. In the hour of his departure he took a looking-glass, and gave a yearning look at his own face in it. He contrived by the usual signs to explain his motive before he gave up his spirit: "The boys said mother was so like me, and I want to know her when I meet her in heaven."

WHAT IS PRAYER?

About twenty years ago, a little boy was put to bed at dark by his sister. He kneeled down by a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and listened whilst he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him; and, as he said them in a very careful manner, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped, "How sweetly he prays!" whispered the lady. This was all she said; but he heard it, and his heart was filled with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers, yet he went to bed glad and happy—not that he had pleased God, but because he himself had been praised! Was this prayer? I will tell

you what he did afterwards, and then you can judge. One day he made a kite, but it would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying awhile to make it rise in the air, he became angry, and dashed it to the ground and stamped upon it with his feet. No one was near, and he cursed the kite—not loud, but softly, lest somebody should hear him. He did it with the same tongue which the young lady said had "prayed so sweetly." He forgot God when he cursed, as well as when he said his prayers. Had he prayed?

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were no simple, instructive books published at the time, to teach young children the way to be saved. He knew that he ought to pray; but he did not rightly understand how Jesus Christ was Saviour. It is true that he often heard the minister and his mother speak of Him, but no one explained to him, in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time; he then grew careless, and forgot to pray until something alarmed him, when he began again, and, to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his de-

votions, and remained on his knees until he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was very tiresome to stay so long on his knees, and he therefore hastened over them as rapidly as his tongue could move, little feeling that something more was needed than the mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?

Many years more passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, and many of his friends beside. There were very few left in the world to love him, and he wandered to another city. He was sad and lonely; he felt that everything worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and had no hope in looking to the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend; God could not be pleased with sinners; and he felt that he was a sinner. One Sunday he went into a church and there heard of Christ in such a way as he never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bedroom, and, in the agony of his soul, he threw himself upon the floor, and asked the Lord to have mercy on him. He felt that he could not cast himself down low enough before his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the good and holy God, and resolved, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to do so no more. He became a Christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favour of the

Lord was worth ten thousand worlds. This was prayer.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

On a soft and easy couch lay little Harry Russell. Everything which the wealth of his parents could purchase was around him —the most costly playthings, the most beautiful pictures, and the most luscious fruits. But one after another was laid aside, and still he moaned and cried.

"I wish I was well! I do not want to lie down here; I am afraid I shall die!" His nurse tried to soothe him, for she was afraid he would die, and she wished to get him to think of Christ. So she said, gently, "Harry, wouldn't you like to go to heaven?" "No," said Harry, "it is too far, and I do not know the way; and when I would get there I shouldn't know anybody, and I would cry to come home to mamma."

Poor Harry! he spoke the truth. He did not know anybody there; for his mamma had never taught him about Christ, and, if it had been possible for him to get there without knowing Christ, he would have been very unhappy. Perhaps some of my little friends think, if they only get to heaven, it is no difference how they live while here. But they must remember that, unless God prepares us for

heaven, we should be very uncomfortable if we were to be taken just as we are.

Suppose you had been playing in the street, and had fallen in the mud, and your mother, to punish you, had taken you to the parlour, where a number of guests were assembled, and compelled you to remain there in your soiled garments; wouldn't you feel very much ashamed as you compared yourself with those around you?

It would be just so if you were taken to heaven without a change of heart. Every one there would be so pure and holy that you would be ashamed to look up. Angels who never sinned would be tuning their golden harps to the praise of the Saviour. Redeemed saints would join the song with still sweeter melody, to tell something of wondrous love, but *you*, you alone would be silent. You could not tell how He had changed your heart, and given you a heart that could love Him, for your heart would be unchanged. You could not praise Him for bringing you there; you would rather beg Him to send you with those who were no better than yourself, so that they could not look down upon your miserable condition.

Think of little Harry, and do not close your eyes without asking your Heavenly Father to give you a new heart, that you may love Him more and serve Him better than you have ever done before.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

CHILDREN think they can do little good; and even their parents often think the same. They can be obedient and affectionate—this all admit; but few think they are old enough to do anything for the salvation of the world. Now, children, this is a very great error.

Cannot a child do as much as a worm? "Why, yes," exclaims every little reader, "and more too." Let us see. Imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel upon the South Sea. How beautifully we glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted island? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver, and now it assumes different colours. Red, golden, silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the Crystal Palace, when lo! we discover it is the splendid work of sea-worms, so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral worm threw up those many-coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island covered with tall palm trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the same little coral worm. Myriads of

them lived and died there, and left their bodies to make the foundation of that coral island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew as they are now seen. Yes; coral is made of the skeletons of little sea-worms.

This is what some worms do towards making this world a habitation for mankind. They make islands. God did not create them to be useless in this world, where so much is to be done. Their work amounts to something.

Would you not be as useful as the little coral worm? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live on other parts of the earth. A penny is a small gift, but twelve of them make a shilling. A grain of sand is very minute, but enough of them make a mountain. So the little which one child does for God may seem too small to be counted, but perhaps twenty of these littles are equal to the work of one full-grown man or woman. Do not forget that, if you do nothing for God, you are not worth as much as the coral worm.

Poetry.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

BY COWPER.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:—

His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered—
"Oh no!
What, rob our poor neighbour! I pray you
don't go:
Besides, the man 's poor, and his orchard 's his
bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be
fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we 'll have,
If you will go with us, we 'll give you a share,
If not, you shall neither have apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered—"I see they
will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I
could,
But my staying behind will do him no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from
the tree;
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go
too,
He will lose none by me, though I do get a
few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at
ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to
seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the
plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke
in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent ad-
dressed:
"With such selfish and empty pretences away!
By your *actions* you 're judged, be your speech
what it may."

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

9. WHERE are these words to be found:—"I make peace?"

10. What did God threaten to do to Jerusalem if she would not be "instructed?"

11. Why does the Devil try to take the Word out of men's hearts?

12. Of whom was it said, "This man hath done nothing amiss?"

13. Where are these words:—"The Son of man came to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many?"

14. Who took his eldest son, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon a wall?

15. Find these words:—"He remembered His holy promise."

16. Who said, "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back?"

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(1.) Heb. iii. 15. (2.) Ezek. xxvii. 7. (3.) Ps. cv. 14. (4.) 2 Kings xxii. 14. (5.) Mark vii. 23. (6.) John xxi. 12. (7.) Nahum iii. 8. (8.) 2 Cor. xii. 10.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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SNOWDON

SNOWDON is one of the highest mountains in our British Islands. It is situated in North Wales. It is believed that it has its name from the quantity of snow that it often has on its top; and that it is an old Welsh word, signifying "snow mountain." However, there is not snow on it all the year; since from June to September you will scarcely ever see any.

It is 3,571 feet high; and it takes you five hours to walk to the top. In former years its sides were covered with a thick forest, which was filled with deer. But about one hundred and fifty years ago the forest was cut down, and now there are only bare rocks, with patches of short grass to be seen as you go up. Here and there in sheltered places you may find some curious flowers, which are only to be found upon high mountains.

A great deal of copper has been found inside this mountain, and in many places you may see large holes or "galleries," which run a long way inside.

When you get to the top, you only have a very few yards of level ground to stand upon; so that when the wind blows hard, which it often does, it is difficult and dangerous to stand. It would be an easy thing to lose your footing and to roll down the mountain side, which would be a fearful thing.

The view from the top is magnificent. You can see the Cumberland and Yorkshire mountains far to the north, the Isle of Man and the Isle of Anglesea to the west, and below you is spread out a vast sea of Welsh hills and mountains. It is one of the finest views that can be seen anywhere. No one who has never been on the top of a high mountain can form an idea of what a magnificent sight it is.

Some people find it difficult to breathe

on the top of the mountain, because the air is so much thinner than it is lower down. Others get into high spirits.

It is dangerous to go up the mountain without a guide; for there are many fearful precipices, and thick mists very often blow over; so that it is an easy thing to lose your way, and to find yourself in a very dangerous place before you are aware of it. Several travellers have been lost in this way, and after a time have been found dead and mangled at the bottom of a precipice.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

I am going to talk to you to-day, my dear readers, about *sheep*. I was riding over the Wiltshire Downs a little time ago, and I met a flock of sheep. It was a *large* flock, but there was no harsh, rough man driving them; no savage dog running and barking after them. The shepherd was walking slowly before them, wrapped in his cloak, with his crook in his hand; and close behind followed his faithful dog. Then the flock followed, looking so happy, so different from when they are hurried along a hot, dusty road.

It was a very pretty sight, and I will tell you what it reminded me of. I thought of that verse in the Gospel of St. John, the tenth chapter and the fourth verse—"And

when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice."

How like the shepherd I saw is to Christ! Jesus says in verse 11, "I am the good shepherd." Those who love Christ are His flock. One way in which Christ is like a shepherd is, that *His sheep follow Him.* Do you love to do as Jesus wishes you? Then you are one of the little lambs in His flock. You can follow Christ by trying to be like what He was, by obeying all that He has commanded in His Holy Word, and by giving all your heart to Him.

Christ is also like a shepherd because the sheep "*know His voice.*" A shepherd leads his sheep from one pasture to another, as that one was doing that I saw the other day. He has a name for each sheep, and each one knows its name, and is able to distinguish the shepherd's voice from that of a stranger. So Christ's sheep "know His voice." You are the little lambs of Christ if you love Him, and in the Bible you can read what His voice says to you. Do not think that Christ does not know you. Oh! yes, He knows *each* one of you, even the feeblest, even the smallest. He has died to save you, therefore He cannot help knowing you. He knows each little trouble you have, each sin that is so tempting to you, and in His good time will take you from this wicked world safely to His Heavenly Kingdom.

"The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care,
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We 're safe from every snare."

I will only point out one other thing in which Jesus is like a shepherd, and that is the most important of all. "*The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*" All of you know the story of the sheep that fell over a steep precipice, and of the kindness of the shepherd, who tied a rope round his own body, and went after it, risking his life for his lost sheep.

Are *we* not lost by nature? Oh, yes! How lost! And our kind shepherd has given His life that we lost ones might be saved from death. Jesus Christ left all the glories of heaven, came down to this world, suffered grief, pain, and death for *us*, His erring, straying sheep. Oh, what love this was! Will you despise it? Will you not come into your Saviour's fold? Will you not be His little lamb? If any child is reading this who does not feel to be one of Christ's fold, hear how He longs to be your shepherd, in verse 16,—"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them also I *must* bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be *one* fold and *one* shepherd." Remember, there is only ONE fold in which you are safe, and *that* fold is your Saviour's. If you are not one of His lambs, you are the servant of Satan. Oh! come to Christ's fold; come to Him to have your sins washed away in the blood

He has shed for you! Why will you not come? Do not lose another day, but on your bended knees beseech Him to pardon your past sins, and give you grace to be one of His own flock. I will add a few references which you may like to look out in your Bibles—Isa. xl. 2, Ezek. xxxiv. 12, 23, Heb. xiii. 20, 1 Pet. ii. 25, and v. 4.

LUCILLA.

"I DID IT."

Most children have heard the story of Cock Robin, and perhaps not a few of my little readers can repeat it by heart. But have you never thought that there is something to be learnt from this tale?

You know we should not read anything merely for amusement, but with the view of gaining some knowledge or instruction, which may make us better and happier.

Now, the little sparrow in the story of Cock Robin affords an example of *honest courage in acknowledging the truth.* This is a lesson from which all children may profit. For many of them are too prone to throw upon others blame which they alone deserve, from the fear of immediate punishment.

How many boys and girls, when questioned about something wrong which they have done, say, "Charley did it too;" or,

"Annie told me to do it," instead of saying at once, "*I* did it."

How much better it would be, my dear children, if we all were to speak the truth openly and unreservedly!

Do not think that you in any way lessen your own guilt by including others in it. You may be sure that your parents would not be less angry with you for telling a falsehood, or keeping back part of the truth (which is equally wrong), than for the commission of the fault you wish to hide.

Besides this, you must remember that you can conceal *nothing* from your heavenly Father, and how displeasing is falsehood in the sight of that God whose "law is the truth,"—Psa. cxix. 142. F. M. B.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

Susan Acton and her brothers had been carefully brought up by their parents, who taught them not only in worldly knowledge, but also a true knowledge of Scripture. But, though their parents were careful that they should not be left ignorant of the way of religion, yet it was impossible for them, as it is for any one, to change their hearts. Earthly teachers may sow the good seed, but it is God alone who can give the increase; and it was some years before Susan began to feel the reality of what she had learnt, began to love God with all her

heart, to feel that Sunday was really the best day of the week, and to delight in going to the Lord's House, and reading His Holy Word.

Now when she found the happiness of loving God herself, she began to long that her brothers should find the same, for she felt that they had not yet been brought to a real knowledge of Christ. She often had longed to be the means of doing good to some one, and looked forward to the time when she should be grown up. What plans of usefulness she would have then! But then the thought came, "Perhaps I may never live to grow up; or, if I do, why should I live so many years before that time without doing any good in the world?"

She had read in the Bible, that "as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." Susan did not understand this at the time, but her mother explained to her, that as we see the different stars in the sky, some of them only just visible, twinkling in the blue expanse of the firmament, others a little brighter, but a few shining out more brilliantly than all the rest, so we are promised that it shall be in heaven; that, where *all* are glorious, *some* shall exceed in glory, and that those to whom God hath given the high privilege of bringing other souls to Him shall be among the holiest round His throne. Susan longed to be

one of those who should receive this reward in the glories of that happy land which she had often tried to fancy, but what could a little girl do?

Then the thought of her brothers came into her mind, and she thought whether she could speak to them of the feelings which entered her heart. She would, if there was a good opportunity, but she felt too timid to enter upon the subject. Was there no other way?

Yes, she must try to show forth by her *example* that she was really striving to act as a child of God, by being meek and humble, answering gently instead of being annoyed if they teased her, and if they laughed at anything which ought not to be ridiculed, she must be careful not to join in the laugh. But Susan knew that she could not keep these resolutions without God's help, so she prayed that He would enable her to set a better example than she had hitherto done.

This brought thoughts of another way, in which even a little child might do an immense amount of good. She thought she would *pray* for her brothers; for God has promised to hear all who call upon Him faithfully. So she knelt down and prayed most earnestly for her dear brothers, that God would be pleased to cleanse them from their sins through the blood of His dear Son Jesus Christ, and make them love Him, so that in the last day they

might *all* meet together happily to praise Him through all eternity.

Then she rose from her knees, feeling happier, for she knew that she had now made a beginning, made one small effort to bring souls to Christ. It was true she had often before mentioned her brothers' names in her prayers, but never with the same earnestness as she did now, and she felt sure that God would answer her.

Susan's mother had given her a little book, containing a text of Scripture for every day in the year, and how, when she opened it to learn her text for the day, she was surprised to find the words, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death." It seemed as if God had sent her that promise in direct answer to her prayers, and she felt quite happy in the certainty that He would fulfil it. But she knew that she must not give up praying because He had given her that gracious promise, but must be more earnest than ever. She therefore still continues her prayers, feeling sure that some day the Lord will bring it to pass.

Now, my dear children, have any of you, like Susan, really turned to Christ, and if you have, can you be contented with the salvation of your own soul without caring for others? No, if you are really a child of God, you must feel anxious that others should share your happiness. If God sees

any effort to bring others nearer to Him, be sure that He will bless you for it. Show by your actions whom you serve; and recollect that, if there are some to whom you long to do good, but who are out of the reach of other influence, they are never out of the reach of your prayers; and that way may be practised by little children as well as by older people. Only let your prayers be *very earnest*, let them come from your inmost heart, and God will hear them. Do not give up because the answer does not come immediately. He will send it in His own good time. Those of you who happen to have little text books will often find, if you take notice, that the texts seem to answer to what they have been thinking of; and if you have not a book of your own, you will find on the inside of the cover of this little book a text written for each day of the year.

And now, dear children, why do you think I have given this story? I have written it in the humble hope that it may bring one, at least, of Christ's little flock nearer to Himself, and may make all feel that even a child has great influence over those about it. And if it should be the means of making one among you strive and pray more earnestly for the souls of others, who can tell what inestimable good even this little effort may do? I dare not say that it will, but I send it forth with prayers for all who read it.

THE CHINESE.

China, though one of the largest countries in the world, has been so closely shut up from travellers, that we know very little about it. Nevertheless, what we do know is very curious and interesting; and we may expect, now that the country is open to us, to know a great deal more.

The people are said to have some very good points in their character. They are very industrious and contented, very peaceable, and very good subjects. They are taught to look upon the Emperor as they look upon their own father; and the respect which they pay to their parents is such as would shame many English children, who ought to know better. One good point about them is that they are very reasonable; and, instead of fighting when they differ (as is too often the case with us), they will quietly talk over the

matter of dispute, and settle it in good humour.

But they are not without their bad points, and the chief one is their deceit and insincerity. They do not care what lies they tell, nor how they deceive you, if it is for their own interest.

They are a curious-looking race of people; of short stature, with round faces; eyes that turn up slant ways from their nose; high cheek-bones, and very little hair. Indeed, they allow themselves little hair on the head but the pig-tail, which is so well known as belonging to a Chinaman. Their hands and feet are naturally very small; but the women make the latter still smaller, by pinching them in tight shoes and bandages, when they are young, to prevent their growth. In fact, their feet are so spoilt, that they can scarcely use them, and can only hobble along in the most clumsy manner.

The number of people is so great in China, that they have great difficulty in living. Several families will club together, and live in one house on a common store, in order to live cheaply. And every spot of ground is cultivated in order to produce vegetables. You hardly ever see animals feeding in the fields.

The Chinese have many excellent and valuable trees and vegetables. The *tea plant*, which we know so well, is the first of all. They make use of tea quite as much

as we do, only they drink it without milk or sugar. They say that the same plant will make either black tea or green. The colour and peculiarity depend on the mode of preparing it.

Then they have the *camphor tree*, a magnificent tree fifty feet high, from which exudes, as a sort of gum, camphor, which is so useful to us. They have also a tree which produces a gum, which is made into a varnish, which we know by the name of *Japan varnish*. They get their *tallow*, not from the fat of animals as we do, but from a seed which makes a sort of vegetable grease. What we know by the name of *rice-paper* comes from China, and is made from a plant which grows in the marshes. In some parts of China *rhubarb* grows, which is so wholesome for little boys who have eaten too much plum cake, but is so much disliked by them.

The summer in China is very hot, and the winter is cold. The men work in the fields with light broad straw hats on their heads, to keep off the sun. The parts of their bodies which are exposed to the sun become very brown, while those which are covered are comparatively white. So that they say, the whole colour of a hard-working Chinaman is something like that of a piebald horse.

THE FORTRESS.

"Well, I have had my revenge on him,

that is one comfort," muttered Frederick, as he entered his mother's sitting-room, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes.

"Revenge on whom? what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Claremont, raising her eyes from the work in which she was engaged.

"On Bob Jones, mamma. Only think what he has done. Shot poor Fido in the leg, just because he ran over his flower-beds in chase after a rabbit! I should like, oh, I should like"—the little boy could not finish his sentence, but he ground his teeth and clenched his hands, as though he saw his enemy before him.

"And what did you do, my son?"

"I would have knocked him down, and trampled upon him, if I had been strong enough; but Rob is four years older than I am, and has a gun besides; but I was not going to bear such treatment quietly—no, I am not so poor-spirited as that; so, when I had carried poor little Fido home, and given him into Ellen's charge, I returned and opened the gate of Jones's garden, and drove the pigs in—and I hope with all my heart that they may root up every flower in the place."

"What passion have you been indulging, Frederick?"

"Revenge!—Oh, revenge is sweet! I have heard that the old Greeks and Romans thought so, and I mean to be like them! Mamma, when I am old enough, I am de-

termined to be a soldier; and if any one insult me, or hurt you, mamma, or my sisters, will I not make them repent it! Do you not think that I should make a good soldier?"

"I am not quite certain of that."

"Why, do you not consider me resolute and faithful? You look doubtful, mamma? I only wish that I could be tried; you would know me better then! I wonder what you are thinking about, dear mother, that you fix your eyes upon me so!"

"I was thinking about a soldier who once was tried."

"Oh, then, you are going to tell me a story; I see that you are. Thank you, thank you, mamma! I will just run and see how poor Fido is going on, and be back in a moment to hear it. I do love to hear about soldiers, and battles, and fighting."

In a few minutes Frederick was seated at the feet of his mother. She had folded up her work, drawn her chair closer to the window, through which the soft breeze of early spring was blowing, and now, stroking back the curly locks from the brow of her son, from whose features every trace of passion had by this time departed, Mrs. Claremont commenced as follows:—

"There lived a very great and powerful king, who commanded mighty armies, and ruled over many nations. His will was law; what he commanded stood fast; he

had wealth greater than you can imagine, and no one could resist his power."

"Was he good as well as great?"

"So good, that to give happiness was his delight. His laws were all perfectly just, but even the guilty were mercifully treated in his kingdom. As for his faithful subjects, he rewarded them beyond their hopes for the smallest service, and never despised or forgot the feeblest attempt to please him."

"I wish that I had lived in his time, mamma."

"So dear to him were his people, that he repeatedly hazarded his life for their sakes. A roaring lion was about to destroy a poor helpless babe, and draw him away to destruction, when the king himself came to the rescue; no one else was near who had the strength or the courage to encounter the fierce monster. Long, bloody, and terrible was the conflict; the king was covered with wounds, yet still maintained the struggle, till the lion fled from a foe more powerful than himself, and the conqueror raised from the dust the rescued infant, whose safety he had purchased with his own most precious blood!"

"If that babe lived to know all this, oh, how he must have loved his king and his preserver!"

"Not content with having once saved the child, the monarch never ceased to watch over him, protect, and preserve him. He

gave the little one into the charge of the most kind and tender friends, to bring him up to be good, loyal, and faithful. The boy was provided by his lord with everything which he could require."

"If I had been he, I know what I should have desired more than all other things,—the opportunity of showing my love and my gratitude!"

"The boy passed his childhood in a place distant from the palace of his sovereign; but he was enrolled as one of his soldiers, and received a promise that, should he serve him faithfully for a certain period of time, he should then be permitted to pass the remainder of his life with his benefactor, never be separated from him, enjoy all the glories and happiness of his court, and be called not only his soldier, but his son."

"I would have died for such a king! Oh, mamma, how I envy that boy! He could not help being faithful—he could not help fighting, hating, and destroying the enemies of his dear, dear master! But could such a king have any enemies?"

"Many, my boy; and, what is stranger still, many rebels amongst his subjects!"

"They should all have been killed without mercy! But do tell me more of this story, mamma. Was the young soldier very brave and victorious? How was he to serve his glorious king?"

"A little fortress was confided to his charge, which he was to defend to the

last, and not to suffer any of the king's foes to enter."

"I would have kept on watch night and day; I would hardly have allowed myself to sleep, lest any enemy should attack it! I would have kept myself awake by thinking on my king, and on the happy time when I should kneel at his feet, and thank and bless him for all that he had done for me! I would have employed myself in brushing up my armour, and sharpening my sword, to be ready for the fight! Oh, mamma! I am sure, I am quite certain, that I should have been a very faithful soldier to so glorious a sovereign! But I beg your pardon for interrupting you; do go on with the story; how did the soldier keep his little fortress?"

"He had been but a short time in charge of it, when, one beautiful morning in spring, the young soldier perceived something approaching his castle, as though to take him by surprise, so quick and sudden was its appearance."

"Was it friend or foe?"

"He quickly discovered that two of the greatest enemies of the king were at the gate of the little fortress;—one, dark, haughty, and stern, wrapped in a dark mantle, and scowling beneath his heavy brows; the other, fierce, cruel, and impatient, with a blood-red cloak streaming from his shoulders, and a club in his strong right hand."

"Did they seize upon the place, mother?"

"They knew that they could not force open the gates, and that they could not enter but by the aid of some traitor within. They called upon the young soldier to surrender."

"And he flung defiance at them, I'm sure, and rushed upon them with his sword, and drove them away like a hero."

"He threw open the gates to them," replied Mrs. Claremont, with a sigh, "bade them welcome, and surrendered the fortress to them without a struggle, or one thought of his king!"

Frederick remained for a moment mute with astonishment, then indignantly exclaimed—"Cowardly traitor! I hope the king punished him as he deserved, and had him cut into a thousand pieces!"

"Had he done so, my Frederick, I should now have had no son."

"You, mother! what can you mean? I do not understand you."

"You will no longer have any difficulty in doing so, when I tell you the names of the enemies who approached so boldly, and were received so readily. These enemies to the king were called *Pride* and *Revenge*.

"Oh! I see that it was an allegory," said Frederick, reddening, "and that by the coward and traitor you meant me."

"And is not he a *coward*, my son, who in the moment of danger refuses to fight? and is not he a *traitor* who goes over to the foe?"

"And the king was—"

"The king was the King of Glory, the Ruler of heaven and earth, He before whom we are as the dust! For you He not only hazarded, He gave, His precious life; He redeemed you from the power of your eternal enemy; from Him you have received all that you possess—health, friends, existence itself! All that you could do in return was to love him, and to guard your own heart from the entrance of evil."

Frederick sighed, and looked down.

"Did you keep watch night and day? Did your thoughts rest on your King, and on that blessed time when you might behold Him in His glory? Did you keep your armour bright? Did you occupy your time in sharpening your sword (increasing your knowledge of the Word of God?) Nay, my boy, I speak not to distress you; but I wish you to see things as they are. Was the proud, revengeful child, who burst into my room half-an-hour ago, a faithful soldier to Him whose command and promise you have often repeated with your lips—'*Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven?*'"

Frederick sprang from his seat. "I can yet win a victory," he exclaimed, and darted out of the room.

Mrs. Claremont raised her heart in silent prayer—"O Lord, let him be Thy faithful servant and soldier to his life's end, and

manfully fight against sin, the world, the flesh, and the Devil?"

Before long Frederick was again at her side. "Mamma," said he, "I have had a very hard struggle, but I think that I have driven these enemies out of my fortress this time."

"Where have you been?"

"I have been to Bob Jones. Pride tried to pull me back, and twice I almost turned, particularly when I saw his angry face in the garden, and remembered how he had treated poor Fido. Oh! then Revenge almost got the better of me, but I thought on my king, and on I went."

"And what did you say to Bob Jones?"

"He spoke first, mamma. His face was very red, and he looked angrily at me. 'Frederick Claremont,' said he, 'have you done me this piece of mischief?' and he pointed to some potatoes which were rooted up. 'Yes,' answered I, 'and I am sorry for it'—(oh! I could hardly manage to get these words out, mamma)—'I did it in a passion, because you shot my poor dog Fido. But not much harm is done, I see; and I think that I can make you amends, for I will give you all my tulip-roots, and they are worth more than those potatoes.'"

"What did he reply?"

"Nothing at first, but he came up to me, and grasped my hand, and looked redder than before, but not at all angry; and then he said, 'I will not take one of your roots,

and I wish with all my heart that I had never touched it.' So you see, mamma, that he is sorry as well as I, and that when I fought my own foes, I helped him a little to conquer his."

"It is ever so, my Frederick," replied the mother, fondly pressing him to her heart; "and I would rather see you triumphant over your enemies within, than the conqueror of all the world! The Word of God tells us, that '*he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;*' and while mortals applaud the bold proud man, who is quick to take offence, and ready to resent it, remember the words of the Captain of your salvation, He who can alone give true glory, '*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*'"—*Claremont Tales.*

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST."

I KNEW a little sickly child;
The long, long summer's day,
When all the world was green and bright,
Alone in bed he lay.
There used to come a little dove
Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice,
Out of the fir tree tall.
And when the sick child better grew,
And he could crawl along,
Close to that window he would creep,
And listen to her song:
And he was gentle in his speech,
And quiet at his play,

He would not for the world have made
That sweet bird fly away.
There is a Holy Dove that sings
To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart
A song as sweet and mild.
It is the HOLY SPIRIT of God,
That speaks his soul within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.
And he must hear that still small Voice,
Nor tempt it to depart,
The SPIRIT great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart.
He must be pure, and good and true,
Must strive, and watch, and pray,
For unresisted sin at last
Will drive that Dove away.

—*Hymns for the Young.*

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

17. WHERE does Jesus speak of people humbling themselves like little children?

18. Who prayed to Jesus about his "little daughter"?

19. When did Jesus speak of death as if it were sleep?

20. What did King Hiram give to Solomon for the temple?

21. What shall be done to "the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother"?

22. When did the Israelites seek God, and "return and inquire early after Him"?

23. To whom was God to "send strong delusions"?

24. Who was to "have compassion on the ignorant, and on those who were out of the way"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(9.) Isa. xlv. 7. (10.) Jer. vi. 8. (11.) Luke viii. 12. (12.) Luke xxiii. 41. (13.) Mark x. 45. (14.) 2 Kings iii. 27. (15.) Psa. cv. 42. (16.) Judges xi. 35.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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THE BABES IN THE BOAT.

At five o'clock one Friday afternoon, two little children went down to the sea shore of a French village to play. I do not know how long they amused themselves before, seeing a small boat lying by the edge of the water, they thought it would afford them much pleasure. So the two children climbed over its sides, and played in it. I do not know how it was, but the boat and the children gradually left

the land. Perhaps the little ones thought a row on the water would be nice; but I think it is more likely that the tide rose higher, and in going down took the boat back with it. At all events, in the midst of their play, the careless little ones discovered that their boat was surrounded by water. What could they do? If they jumped into the water they would be drowned! They tried to guide the boat back to shore, but they could find only one oar. They used that, but found it useless, for with one oar they could only pull the boat round and round.

At last *night* came. Poor children! they had nothing to eat, and they had begun to feel hungry. Morning dawned; they only found themselves further from land. There they were, all alone, far out at sea, away from their parents. But there was an eye which watched over them; there was an arm underneath them. God, who knows every sparrow that falls to the ground, and numbers the very hairs of our heads, that same God saw those infants and saved them from the dreadful death they would have died.

But before I tell you what means God used for their safety, let us look and see what the poor parents were feeling all this time. When Friday evening arrived, and their little ones did not come home, they began to feel alarmed. I dare say they went about amongst their friends, as Jesus'

mother did when He stayed behind in the temple, and asked whether any one had seen their children. No one could tell them anything of the lost ones. Saturday morning came, but no children; the day passed and the next night came, and Sunday morning dawned, and the poor parents then felt quite sure that their poor little ones were lost. How they must have wept! Never to see those little faces again! Never once more to imprint a kiss on those plump round faces! Never again to press their little darlings to their bosoms! All these thoughts must have made them sad, *very* sad.

On that Sunday morning a fisherman went out in his boat to procure oysters. In the distance he saw a boat out at sea; it appeared to be about two miles away, and he could see no one in it. But he thought he would go and see whether he could find out what had brought it there. When he reached it, you can guess what he found inside, can you not? At the bottom of the boat two little children were lying. They were cold, and hungry, and tired; one of them was fast asleep. The fisherman lifted them into his own vessel, wrapped them in his great coat, and gave them food.

When they were a little revived they told him their sad tale, where they had come from, and who their parents were.

Oh! what joy the parents must h

felt when they saw the fisherman arrive with their lost children! I hope neither parents nor children forgot to thank God for His kind watchful care.

Little children, when you are in danger, remember God can take care of you. When every eye is asleep, God *never* sleeps. LUCILLA.

SWEET VIOLETS.

I NEED not tell you what a violet is like; you all know that full well. It is a sweet flower, and comes to cheer us in winter when gayer flowers hide their heads.

I daresay you have often gathered bunches of violets, and admired their sweet scent, but have you ever tried to resemble them?

Perhaps you will say, how can a child be like a flower?

Well, to be sure, the violet is only a little flower, and yet I think it can teach you a lesson.

Have you ever observed how it droops its head and hides under the green leaves, as though it wished to escape notice? Then again it likes best to grow in low and shady spots. So you see you may learn from this little flower to be *modest* and humble.

But we must not forget its sweet scent; this should teach you to be kind, gentle,

and loving, which is the sweetest perfume a child can send forth.

I have often seen children dressed in smart clothes, tossing their heads, and looking with contempt on others. Are such children like the violet? Oh no! they rather resemble the poppy, which no one loves, notwithstanding its showy colours. Which are you like, the violet or the poppy? No one will ever love you because of your fine clothes.

Some children are quarrelsome and spiteful, and seem to find pleasure in nothing but making others unhappy. I am sure they are not like the violet. The stingnettle would better represent such children. Which will you try to be like, the violet or the stingnettle?

When I see children modest and humble, neat in their dress, dutiful to their parents, loving to their brothers and sisters, and kind and obliging to all around them, I say, those children are like violets, every one will love them.

Shall I tell you how you may become like violets?

It is by following the example of the Lord Jesus. He was "meek and lowly in heart;" He "went about doing good;" and He "pleased not Himself." If you wish to be like Him, ask God to make you so; you cannot do it yourself, and, if your conscience tells you that you have hitherto been *unlike* Him, do not put away the

thought and try to forget it, but go to Him at once and ask Him to wash away all your past sins in His precious blood, and *He will do it.* P.

THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY.

THERE was once a missionary, Mr. West, who went to North-West America to teach the poor heathen people about Jesus Christ. He thought that the surest way of spreading the Gospel amongst them was by teaching the little children. He therefore tried to establish a school, but the children were so wild that they would not come to be taught. He had, however, two little Indian boys given him to take care of, who were always with him, and he spent much time in trying to teach them about God. Amongst other things he taught them this little prayer: "Great Father! bless me, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" which he made them kneel down and say to God very often. Mr. West could do very little good among these heathen people, and he left North-West America, after having been there two years, without being able to see any fruit produced by his labours. But these little boys remembered the prayer he had taught them. One of them died soon after, but the other lived and went on saying it every day, and the great God in heaven listened to the poor little heathen child, and blessed him, and made him a true believer in the

Lord Jesus Christ. He has now grown up to be a man, is a missionary himself, and doing all he can to teach other people the way to heaven, which Jesus Christ has made by dying on the cross for sinners; and I am sure he will go to be with Jesus Himself when he dies.

Now I want each child who reads this to be a true Christian and to do all he can to lead others to Jesus Christ; so I am going to ask you every one to take this prayer, which is a little longer than the one I have been telling you about, but, as you have been taught so much more than the Indian boy, you will be quite able to learn it. Then I want you to learn it by heart and say it to God, very thoughtfully and very earnestly, every night and every morning, and never to forget; and I am sure that God will hear you and answer your prayer, for there is nothing He loves to do more than to listen to and to bless little children who pray to Him.

"O God! wash me from all my sins in my Saviour's blood, and I shall be whiter than snow. Fill me with thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."—Psalm li. 7. 1 John i. 7. Luke xi. 13. Acts xiii. 52.

HENRY CROPP, THE RAGGED-SCHOOL BOY.

In the Waterloo Ragged School, a little boy, named Henry Cropp, applied for ad-

mission. He was one of a very large family, consisting of nine children. The father being a carman out of work, the only means of living were the small earnings of the mother, who obtained occasional employment as a charwoman. The children were very humbly clad, but their clothes were always kept clean and well mended. There was no excuse made on the score of poverty, to send the children to school either ragged or dirty. Though they frequently attended the whole day without having any food, yet they never complained, being sure that their mother would give it to them if she had any.

The writer remembers on one Monday morning little Henry asking to leave the room, for he felt very sick. He was absent some time, and, on his return, he was questioned upon what he had been eating to make him so. He answered that he had had nothing to eat since Saturday evening. Poor boy! he was sick from sheer want. Frequently would he stop in the school-room during the dinner hour, stating that it was of no use to go home, for there was nothing to eat. This privation to a boy of weak constitution first laid the seeds of consumption, which terminated in death.

It was at this time that an opportunity occurred which enabled some of the poorest of the children to earn a little money. The author of "Mimpriss's System of Graduated Instruction" had for a considerable

time attended every Tuesday evening to test his system. Among the most regular in attendance were Henry and his sister. To facilitate teaching on this system, and to illustrate the school books, it was needful to colour some maps, and Henry and his sister were with some others selected for that purpose. The payment was liberal, and the children worked very hard to do as many as possible, and so great was the sale that in this school alone 30,700 maps were coloured. The earnings of the children varied between three and five shillings per week. I think I can see the joyous look with which Henry and his sister, with four shillings each, would run home to their mother, happy to be able to assist that much-loved parent.

Henry could read, write, and cypher correctly, and a place was obtained for him at a house in the city, where he conducted himself so correctly that all in the firm felt respect for him. He had now to work early and late, with frequently but little to eat. But, though away from the day-school, he did not desert the Sunday-school, at which he was one of the first in attendance, and used to join in singing the hymns, some of which made a lasting impression upon him, and caused him to look to Christ for pardon.

He at length was seized with a severe cold and violent cough, which soon prostrated him so much as to confine him to

his bed; his constitution being so weak from the poorness of his living. His master visited him frequently and pointed his attention to the hymns they used to sing at school, particularly the following: "Poor and needy though I be," &c.

The following conversation took place on one occasion: "Henry, do you remember the hymn 'Poor and needy?'" "Yes, sir." "Do you remember the second verse?" "Yes, sir." "Did God hear you pray this morning?" "Did He hear you pray yesterday?" to both which questions he answered in the affirmative. In the providence of God, he was allowed slowly to recover from the effects of the cold, and, though still very weak, he returned to his work, anxious to earn the money to keep his mother's rent paid; and he continued at his work till he could not walk the distance. The last time he had to be helped home by one of the boys who worked in the same establishment.

A medical gentleman who was consulted decided that he was labouring under pulmonary consumption, and he became a patient of the Brompton Hospital. He there received every attention that skill and kindness could suggest, but he gradually became weaker. During his illness he never neglected prayer. Upon one occasion, when his father had called to see him, he spoke to him of the necessity of attending a place of worship, and praying

and looking unto Christ, who alone could pardon our sins. "I shall soon be taken away from you, but I trust we shall meet in that happy world where sin and pain are done away for ever." He then read to his father some prayers printed for the use of the patients in the hospital.

The patient was asked if he was satisfied with the treatment he received; his answer was pleasing, for it showed a heart filled with gratitude: "If I were a rich gentleman's son, instead of a poor boy, I could not be more kindly treated; everything I can fancy to eat is procured, and all around behave in the kindest manner. I bless God for His mercy in procuring me admission into this beautiful place. The doctor, the minister, and the nurses treat me as if I was their brother." On asking him upon whom he put his trust for the salvation of his soul, he said, "On the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for poor sinners."

The symptoms of the complaint became rapidly worse, and word was sent to his mother that he was dying. The alteration was, indeed, very great. He could now scarcely speak; his throat was ulcerated, and he laboured for breath; his eyes were fixed upon his mother, from whom he felt he was so soon to part; his appetite had quite failed him, and he stated that he felt getting lower and lower.

On the following day, towards evening, he requested the patients in the same ward

with him, with some others from the wards on either side, his father and mother, the chaplain and nurses, to come close round his bed and kneel down; then, lifting his shrunken hands and arms, which looked like wax, he poured forth an earnest prayer to God, that all he had known upon earth, and all those around his bed, and his schoolmaster, might put their trust in God, and look unto Jesus Christ to present them before His Father in heaven; so that all might meet him at the throne of God in heaven. He continued in prayer nearly an hour; and, to the astonishment of all present, he sang in a weak, feeble voice the hymn—

"Around the throne of God in heaven;"

those around the bed joining in and singing, "Glory, glory, glory!" All present were very much affected with the scene they had witnessed, and many of them said they should never forget it!

Thus he continued in this happy frame of mind, being constantly watched by his mother, putting his whole trust in Christ. He was visited very frequently by the kind chaplain, to whose questions he gave the most satisfactory answers; and so he continued waiting for his dismissal, which took place on the 18th of May, 1857, without any pain or struggle, his eyes fixed to the last upon his mother.

The friends with whom he had formerly

worked, with some others, contributed the means to bury him. The spirit returned to God who gave it, but the body shall return unto the dust from whence it came, until that day comes when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ for ever and ever. P.

THE UNWARY GREYHOUND.

A GREYHOUND was chasing a hare. Rapidly did poor puss run to escape from her pursuer; now "doubling" or turning suddenly round; now starting off afresh with a great bound in a straight line. Rapidly did the dog sweep after her. Now he thought he had caught her, but a sudden "double" left him ever so many yards

behind. Many people were looking on; many calling out at the top of their voices; but nothing withdrew the dog's attention; he was all intent upon his prey. Presently puss came to a lawn, where there was an iron wire fence; this she easily crept through. The dog too followed, dashing between the wires. But lo! a piece of wire which he never saw met his eye, just as he was through, pierced into his brain, and he dropped down dead!

Poor dog! But you don't die without teaching us a lesson; and it is this,—*not to be so intent upon our pursuits as to have our eyes shut to the dangers in our way.*

Every worldly pursuit is beset with dangers. There are dangerous iron wires in all directions ready to enter into our souls, and pierce us before we are aware. The boy who is in the pursuit of knowledge and distinction, let him beware of pride and conceit, which may ruin his soul. The boy who is in the pursuit of industry and business, let him beware of covetousness and the love of money, which have pierced so many hearts with so many sorrows. Let the young girl who is in the pursuit of the pleasures and gaieties of life beware of the world's poison, which will make her heart to dislike holy and heavenly things, and draw it away from God.

Most people as they get on in life find themselves heartily in the pursuit of some

worldly object or other; but too many, alas! forget to look out for the wires in the way, and so get their souls destroyed by small but fatal dangers, before they are aware. K.

EASY TO DIE.

DEATH is at all times, dear children, a solemn event; so solemn and so awful that many of you do not like even to think of it; no, you would rather contemplate any other subject than *death*. And why is this? Why shrink so from what you must all pass through sooner or later? If you are amongst the happy number of God's own dear children (though I do not say all fear of death would be removed), you would look upon it but as the passage to glory, as the releasing of the soul from sin and sorrow, to a state of joy and happiness.

A few days ago, a dear child, not more than nine years of age, passed away from earth to heaven. Hers was a triumphant death-bed; she was *longing* to depart, longing to be with her Saviour, whom she loved with an ardent love. Truly, in her case, the sting of death was taken away; washed in the blood of Jesus, resting her all upon Him, she did not fear to meet death, but welcomed it as the messenger which was to convey her soul to glory. Thrice happy child! and now she is at rest "for ever with the Lord."

Children, would you meet her hereafter? Do you wish to join her in glory? Then you must give yourselves to the same Saviour, and pray for God's Holy Spirit to make you take a saving interest in His dying love.

"It is hard to die so young," said one who wished to enjoy the pleasures of life a little longer. Yes, it *is* hard, if there is no hope beyond the grave; but, oh, it is easy, if Jesus be but near to smoothe the dying pillow, and take the spirit to be with Himself.

"Are you afraid to die?" asked a mother of her dying child. "Oh no," she answered, "Jesus will give me His hand, and lead me through the valley." "Oh, the mercy," she said at one time, "that led me to Christ in health; what a comfort I have not to seek my Saviour now!"

Could *you* say this, dear young readers? Have *you* sought the Saviour? Rest not until you have found Him.

"Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on His breast;
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
'If *this* be called dying,
'Tis *pleasant* to die.'"

M. J.

WHO ARE THE BEST BOYS?

A TRADESMAN once advertised for a boy

to assist in the work of a shop, and to go on errands, &c. A few hours after the morning papers announced that such a boy was wanted, his shop was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade, from the neatly-dressed, intelligent little youth, down to the ill-bred, clumsy-boor, came either in hope of a situation, or to see if an opportunity offered for a speculation.

The man, at a loss to decide among so many, determined to dismiss them all, and adopt a plan which he thought might lessen the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

On the morning following, an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect: "Wanted, to assist in a shop, a boy *who obeys his mother*." Now, my little friends, how many boys, think you, came to inquire for the situation after *this* advertisement appeared? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads of the great city who were wanting the means of earning a living or getting a knowledge of business, there were but *two* who could fearlessly come forward and say, "I obey my mother."

"GOD'S APPLES."

A MISSIONARY teacher among the Cherokee Indians, in North America, tells the following story, to show how some of the little red children about her are trained to do good. Those children, with others, had

been working to get money for the missionary work; and the teacher says, "Can you wonder that children thus taught should feel a deep interest in it?"

One of our neighbours is a sick, blind man; very poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. He taught his children to give the first-fruits of their land, as well as one-tenth of all they raise, as the Jew did, to God. Before he was sick and blind, and when he was not so helpless as he is now, he planted some fruit trees; and he often told his children that the first fruit those trees should produce must be given to God. Last year, four of the trees bore one apple each. These were looked upon by the family as God's apples, and were watched through the summer with deep interest. When they were ripe, the time came for the monthly concert for prayer for the conversion of the world. The large red apples were plucked, and nicely wrapped up in papers, and the blind man started for the meeting, accompanied by four of his children, each carrying an apple—their offering to God. Each child was told to which member of the mission family his or her apple was to be given; and the appearance of the little red girl, so bright and happy, as she came up to me and presented her apple, while her straight, black hair hung loosely upon her shoulders, is one of the pleasant things that will not soon fade from my memory.

THE DRUMMER'S BOY.

TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THE "CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My Dear Young Friends,—There are many of you who have felt much for little Charley, the drummer's boy, and not only have felt, but have given your little sums towards his support.

Now, I must tell you, without delay, that I have got him into the Chelsea Military School. I applied to the Secretary at War, and through him he was taken in at once.

He will have the very best education, and will be well seen after; and then if I die, which I think I may very soon, it will be a very great relief to me to know he is well provided for. So now you need not send more penny stamps, but must help him with your prayers, that he may be a child of God and be prepared to lead a Christian life.

Perhaps if any of you should be with your friends in London, you might go and see him some day.

And now may God bless you all for your love and kindness to this dear motherless child! I hear monthly from his father in India, who is going on well in a Christian course.

Your sincere friend,

Eglinton House, W. CARUS-WILSON.
Ventnor, Jan. 17.

THE STOLEN PENNY.

HENRY JONES was the son of a poor but honest and hard-working man, who managed to earn sufficient to keep himself, his wife, and child.

Henry attended a Sunday-school at D——, and it was his father's custom to give him every Sunday morning a penny to put into the missionary box, which was placed in the centre of the school-room.

One Sunday morning Henry's father gave to him quite a new bright penny to put into the box. He looked at it and thought to himself, "How very much I wish this was mine! I wonder how many marbles this would buy me!"

He set out for school, the distance of a mile, and on his way made up his mind to keep the bright new penny. For a time he felt delighted at showing it to his companions, and telling them it was his. He left school and never put it into the box.

But when he returned home he was so very miserable that he could neither eat his dinner or tea. His mother, fearing that he was ill, persuaded him to go to bed. He did so, but burst into a flood of tears. His mother tried to comfort him, but no comfort did poor Henry find in all the kind words his mother spoke to him. He knew that he had acted very wickedly, and at length told his mother all. He cried, "Can you ever trust me again? Can you, will you, forgive me, mother?"

His mother told him how very hateful in the sight of God must be his behaviour, but said they would pray together to God to pardon his sin.

Long and earnestly did his mother pray that her child might in future be kept in the right path of honesty and truthfulness.

She pressed many fond kisses on the cheek of her truly penitent child, and to this day has Henry ever felt and proved that "honesty is the best policy."

J. J. H.

GOD'S LAWS.

Willie has burnt his fingers. How he screams. He has badly burnt them. Where —how? By the fire. Did he not know that the fire would burn him? Yes, he knew it. He knew the law of fire, that it *would* burn. And how the burn smarts; how it blisters. Poor little boy. Is not the fire wicked, naughty, to torment Willie's fingers so? No; fire is good. It warms our rooms, bakes our bread, boils our pudding, and roasts our meat. God gave us fire for our comfort and use. He also gave it laws to go by; and it is one of the laws of fire to burn. Willie knew that; but he put his fingers in, and broke the fire law; therefore he must take the consequences. We cannot take the sting from his pain. We can try to help him bear it, but we

cannot remove the smart or scar; and, little boy as he is, he must suffer the punishment which broken laws always carry with them. And this brings us to other things about God's laws, which I want you to notice.

1. The certainty of law. It *does* what it meant to do.

2. The inexorability of law. Inexorability is a hard word for children, I know; but it means it does not pity, it is only just; it keeps its word. The law of fire is to burn, and it *does* burn.

3. It carries its own punishment with it, if broken. And you can understand how severe the punishment for breaking one is in Willie's case. God's laws are the best friends when you keep them, as fire is; but terrible enemies to the breaker of them.

And you have broken the "law of the Lord," my dear child. How awful! "The soul that *sinneth* it shall DIE." *Must* your soul, then, die? Oh, no! you need not. Christ has "died, the just for the unjust." "God hath made Him to be sin for us, though He knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." But you *may* die still; nay, you SHALL die, and die for ever if you refuse to trust, and love, and serve Him who is the sinner's only hope. Dear child, are you one of *Christ's* children? Have you given your soul to Him to keep?—*Child's Paper.*

SHORT SERMON.

"The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them hat make peace."—Jas. iii. 18.

A RIGHT state of mind is one of peace. Out of this peace right fruit will grow for hose who are peace-makers. We will peak of

I. MAKING PEACE.—There are two ways f making peace. You remember an old roverb—An ounce of prevention is better han a pound of cure. Let us think of

First, the *Ounce of Prevention.* If you lesire to make peace you must be careful ot to irritate other people, not to speak vil of others, not to cherish an unforgiving emper.

Secondly, the *Pound of Cure.* You may nake peace by cautiously trying to recon- ile those who have quarrelled, by giving p your own way, and by returning good or evil.

II. ITS BEAUTIFUL FRUIT.—When you nake peace you are at the same time sow- ng seed. Ah, and it is right seed, too. It vill become evident more and more, that ou have a desire to please God, that you esemble Christ, and that you are helping o promote the general happiness of the vorld. This will be beautiful fruit.

*** But you must not expect the seed to row up all at once; and you must avoid rying to make peace in an angry way. You are to sow in peace, that is peacefully.

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

There is a rock, now cleared and smoothed,
  Beside Jerusalem's wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
  Who died to save us all.

He died that we might be forgiven,
  He died to make us good—
That we might go at last to heaven,
  Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
  To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
  Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh! dearly, dearly has He loved,
  And we must love Him too;
And trust in His atoning blood,
  And strive His works to do.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

25. Where are these words: "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full"?
26. In what river was Jesus baptized?
27. Who was the disciple who ventured on the water to meet Jesus?
28. Find these words: "One sinner destroyeth much good."
29. What does St. Paul pray "the God of hope" will fill his Roman converts with?
30. What did Jesus' parents find Him doing in the Temple?
31. Where is it said, "He that winneth souls is wise"?
32. Who are they to whom David says, God "will teach His way"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(17.) Matt. xviii. 4. (18.) Mark v. 23. (19.) John xi. 11. (20.) 1 Kings v. 10. (21.) Prov. xxx. 17. (22.) Psa. lxxviii. 37. (23.) 2 Thess. ii. 11. (24.) Heb. v. 2.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

No. 425. MAY, 1859. Vol. 36.

AN INDIAN PRINCE.

Who is that grand man sitting on the ground? He is an Indian Prince. Look well at him, and then you will be able to fancy what some of those princes are like who were so cruel to our poor country men and women and little children in India not long ago. He sits on soft cushions, covered with fine coloured cloth, often worked very beautifully with gold and silver thread. His skin is not white like

yours, but very dark. He has glossy black hair and moustachios, and very dark eyes. His teeth are very white. He wears a fine turban on his head, and it and many other parts of his body are covered with jewels, which cost a great deal of money. Do you see two men standing behind him? They are two of his servants, and they have large fans made of peacocks' feathers, with which they fan him to keep him cool. Some of these Indian princes are very cruel men. One of them, called "Nana Sahib," had a great many English men, women, and children put to death in a very shocking way. Our soldiers have been trying for a long time to catch this wicked man, who is still going about in India, doing a great deal of harm. If they catch him he will be punished for his cruelty.

But I am glad to tell you that some of these Indian princes are very kind. When our poor country men and women were in such trouble in India, and had no home to go to, no food to eat, nor clothes to wear, and were afraid they should be put to death by the Sepoys, some of these princes had pity on them, and took them into their palaces, and were very kind to them. And now that the war in India is nearly over, our good Queen is not going to forget their kindness to her subjects, but she has given orders that they may be thanked and rewarded for it. We should follow her example, and when people have been kind

to us, or to those whom we love, we should not forget to show our gratitude to them. It is very sad to see an ungrateful little boy or girl; sometimes I have known such an one receive a kindness, and not even say "Thank you." I hope all my little readers are grateful to their kind friends, and, above all, to that good God who gives them so many blessings! M. M.

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

CHILDREN should never delay in obeying their parents, because they are busy doing something which they desire to finish. How very naughty to say, "Wait, mother; I will come directly;" or, "I will do it pretty soon."

This is self-will, which is entirely contrary to the teachings of the Bible. You must honour your father and mother, if you would live long and be happy.

Many children have been cut down and laid in an untimely grave, merely from a single act of disobedience. We very often see accounts of boys being drowned, particularly on the Sabbath, from going skating or fishing contrary to the commands of their parents.

Little girls are often burned to death, or injured in some other way, from the same cause.

Is it not a beautiful sight to behold a well-trained family of children, all willing

and anxious to render that obedience which God's holy book requires, and which nature itself teaches us is right?

If children are taught obedience to parents, they will find it much more easy to submit to the teachings of God's Holy Spirit.

You may think lightly of grieving your kind parents while you have them with you; but, in all human probability, though the young, too, may die, you may be left an orphan.

Then, when all is dark before you, a father's earnest voice, a mother's tearful eye, seems ever present. O disobedient child! whoever you may be, remember that your parents may be taken away from you! How could you bear the terrible accusation of conscience? Remorse, remorse, would be unavailing. The fond beings who loved you more tenderly than anything else on earth, are gone, and, so far as we know, cannot hear the repentant tones, or see the falling tear, of their heart-broken child.

Love your parents, dear children. Rest assured you will never look back with regret upon one single sacrifice made for father's or mother's sake.

BESSIE AND EMILY.

THERE were two little sisters who were most regular at the Sunday-school, and

were always anxious to sit near their teacher. Emily was seven years old, and Bessie six; these two little girls dearly loved each other; if one was in tears the other would immediately creep close and try to comfort the sorrowing one. They read well and learnt their lessons perfectly; they were always delighted to hear anything about Jesus, and would ask many questions about Him, and about heaven.

Little Bessie, however, was very passionate, and often said many things when she was angry that she was sorry for afterwards. One day her teacher was returning from a walk, and her way led close by the cottage where these two little children lived. As she passed, she looked into the porch and saw Emily sitting on her little chair weeping bitterly, with her pinafore up to her face. Her teacher stopped, and asked what was the matter. She made no reply, but sobbed as if her heart would break. Her teacher then asked if she had been naughty, or if she had hurt herself. She still received no answer. Her teacher then took her by the hand and said, "Emily, won't you speak to me? I want to comfort you: now, come, tell me what it is that vexes you?" The little girl then, in broken accents, said, "Bessie won't go to heaven." "Why not?" "She says she does not love anybody, for I said to her, 'Bessie, don't you love Jesus?' She said, 'No, me don't love anybody.' And I know she

won't go to Jesus if she does not love Him; for 'God is love.'" Then the child burst out afresh, crying bitterly. Her teacher then told her to leave off crying, and to go and ask Jesus to teach Bessie to love Him. She brightened up and ran away, saying, "Yes, I will ask Jesus."

Have any of you, my young readers, ever felt the same desire or anxiety for a sister, brother, or friend? Let such an one "go to Jesus," and ask Him to give them the desire of their heart, for "whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He will do it." "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

On the following Sunday, the two little sisters came as usual to their class; and, after Bessie had said her lessons, she looked up with tears and said, "Teacher, I *do* love Jesus, but I was cross that day when I said I did not; I wish I was never cross, Teacher. I do ask Jesus to make me good, but somehow I can't help being naughty sometimes."

There are other little children whom I have heard say the same thing. My dear children, I know you all have wicked hearts, but Jesus loves you so much, that He never suffers you to be tried above what you are able to bear, and, if you only ask Him, He will drive away all your fretful tempers.

A few weeks after this occurred, Bessie was seen fighting with one of her little companions. A lady who knew her passed at

the time, and saw the little girl that Bessie was quarrelling with strike her. Bessie coloured up with passion and clenched her little hands, and ran towards her companion to return the blow. The lady called out, "O Bessie, Bessie, you should give a kiss for a blow." The child stood still a moment, then rushed forward and threw her arms round her companion's neck, sobbing and saying, "I will give you a kiss for *your* blow. I won't be angry any more."

The next time I heard of this dear little girl was several months after, and then she was ill with cold and measles. She remained ill a long time, yet she was very patient, and would often say to her sister Emily, "I *do* love Jesus *now*, very much; and I think I shall see Him before you, Emmie; and then you will think of your little Bessie singing to Jesus, won't you?"

This little child became daily weaker, and often amused herself by repeating what she had learnt at the Sunday-school. Sometimes, if she fancied she were alone, she would talk to herself (as if she were addressing another child) about Jesus, and say, "Bessie, do you know you will soon go to Jesus? Then you will never be naughty or angry any more, and you will be very near Jesus, and He will smile on you, and give you a little harp, that you may sing to Him, and He will put a little crown on your head, and you will be very close to Jesus; won't you be happy then?"

One night this little child passed away to glory.

Emily still lives, but she misses her little sister very much. If at any time she sees children quarrelling, she goes to them and tells them God can see them, and they should "love one another." Her mother told me one day there were two great boys fighting before her cottage, Emily rushed out of the house, put herself between them and said, "Do you know, boys, God is looking at you? You will never go to heaven if you quarrel." They laughed at her and ran off.

I have been thinking, my dear young readers, how many there will be that will read this little tale—will they all be amongst the redeemed in glory when Jesus shall make up His jewels? O that I could persuade each of you to go to Jesus, and beg Him to give you a new heart, and to write your names in the Book of Life. "For whosoever is not found written in the Book of Life must be cast into the lake of fire."

M. F. V.

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.

During the summer of 1850, I was staying in the Isle of Wight, and with much pleasure do I frequently revert to the many lovely walks I used to take about the beautiful island. One day, when on the East Cowes road, along one side of which

the Queen's park and grounds extend, I met a little girl apparently about eight years old, the child of one of the peasants who lived near. I asked the little girl if "she had seen the Queen out to-day?" She said "she had not." I then asked her if she knew her Majesty by sight? "Oh, yes!" the little creature replied, her face brightening as she spoke, "she often speaks to me." This somewhat interested me, and I inquired what the Queen said to her when she met her? The little girl answered, "She says, 'Well, Mary, how is your father?'" I then asked her who her father was? Mary answered, "My father is the Queen's shepherd, and he has been ill for more than a year, and the Queen has often been to see him and is very kind."

Now this little circumstance, I have thought, might interest some of my youthful readers, who will be surprised to think that their Queen, the greatest lady in the land, would condescend to take notice of and speak kindly and gently to a poor little cottage child, and feel a benevolent interest in herself and her family. And may they not learn a lesson from Queen Victoria (whose kindness to the poor is both well known and appreciated) to be kind to those whose station is inferior to their own, and not pass by them as totally unworthy of their regard and kind feeling?

But how much more condescending was

it of Jesus, God's dear Son, to leave His glorious home in heaven, to come down and become a little child, and after passing through a life of sorrow and immense grief to die a most agonizing death! and all—what for?—to redeem us sinful creatures from sin and eternal death. Truly this was condescension unparalleled, and should cause our deepest thankfulness to Him who thus showed His love for a sinful world, and who deigns to listen to the prayers of all little children, be they rich or poor. It was He, you know, who took the little ones in His arms, and blessed them; and He is still the same tender and compassionate Saviour and Friend *now* as He was then. Go to Him, my young friends, in prayer, and in making Him your friend you'll find that you will possess a happiness which only those who love Jesus can, and He will prove Himself "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

J. W. N. J.

TWO LITTLE TALES BY TWO LITTLE FOLKS.

I. THE GIPSY BOY.

A LITTLE time ago, we had just finished lunch, when there appeared at the window a poor little boy, of about eleven years of age. He had a round, dark face, and large brown eyes, and in his hand were some baskets. He asked us to buy some of his

goods, saying they were "only a shilling each." Some one held out a piece of bread to him, as much as to say, "Will you have *this?*" to which he eagerly replied, "If you please, Sir." Then he was given two pieces of bread, with a bit of butter between them, with which he went away delighted.

Poor little boy! I dare say he had never heard of that bread of *life* which came down from heaven, "that a man may eat thereof and not die."

Most likely he had never learnt how Christ came down from heaven to this earth, as a babe in a manger; of His life of sorrows; of His healing the sick, lame, and blind; and then, how He was crucified and buried, and how, on the third day, He rose again. Perhaps he never heard the name of God pronounced, except with an oath.

Ah! my dear friends, if you had not had kind parents or friends to teach you these things, you would be as ignorant as that poor boy.

You should thank God for giving you those who will tell you of that precious gift.

AMY.

II. THE UPSET BOAT.

One afternoon, I took a walk with a friend. Our direction was towards a river, by a steep path. We stopped, and watched some steamers coming up, and two little

boats sailing on the water. All of a sudden one of the boats upset, and very soon we saw that a man had been thrown out of it into the river. He was clinging to a plank; and we were afraid to see a steamer coming puffing away fast towards him. The poor man would have been sunk by the steamer, if the men in it had not stopped it in time. The sailors shouted loudly, and one of the little boats rowed up to the plank, and the poor man jumped into it and was safe.

This made me think of other things. It made me think how we are overthrown in the world by our great enemy the Devil. Jesus waits to receive us safely. The plank is like faith, which just kept the poor man from drowning. He held fast to the plank. As that man believed that very soon the other man would take him into the little boat, so does a Christian believe that Jesus will save him at the last day.

LILLIE.

SIN WILL BE PUNISHED.

WHAT can that man be doing in the ice? Ah! I am sorry to say, he has got there in a bad way. Perhaps you would like to hear how he came there, and I think we shall learn something from the sad story. He is a blacksmith. He had been to the town of B—— to do his work; after his work was over, instead of going home at once to his tea with his wife and children,

he went off to the public-house to get some beer. He stayed there a great many hours, and at last started to go home. But he had been drinking so much beer that his head was quite giddy, and he could scarcely walk at all, and did not know half the time where he was walking to. There was a pond in one of the fields, through which he had to pass, in order to get to his home. Being in

a very giddy stupid state he never saw the pond, walked straight into it, and stuck there, as you see him now. In the night the pond froze, and the ice formed round the man's neck just like a collar. The next morning some workmen passing by found him in this sad condition, and quite insensible. They got him out as fast as they could, carried him to his cottage, and used every means to restore him. For four

hours he lay without moving on his bed, and every one thought he was dead. But it pleased God to bless the remedies used, and gradually he began to recover. We must hope that this poor man saw how wicked he had been in getting tipsy, and how good God had been in not letting him die in the pond. Dear children, if any of you have fathers or mothers who go to the public-house and like to drink there, go and kneel down and pray to God that He will turn their hearts and lead them away from a place where there is so much sin, and then do you do all you can to make them comfortable at home. Many children have brought blessings on their parents by praying for them—so let this encourage you to pray for yours. M. M.

THE ROVING SON.

A [illegible] of Christ had a careless and idle son who left his home, went on board a vessel, and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice when they wrote to him. The ship which contained their boy reached a distant port, and was there waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore, and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music. He amused them for a long time, but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore."

The sailors told him he must not go yet. "O, indeed I cannot stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ, in whom I now wish to believe. This is about the hour when he meets us under the shade of a tree to tell us more. I want to go to hear him." The sailors were quite overcome with the boy's cries, and at once rowed him ashore.

The clergyman's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by them. "Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus Christ than that poor boy, and yet caring far less about Him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the word of life, while I am living quite careless about it!" In great distress of mind he retired that night to his hammock; but his pious father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation which he so much needed. He became a true Christian. How great must have been the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached!

THE TWO GIFTS.

A COLLECTION for missions was being made

at a church-door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a ten-pound note on the plate. The people admired the gift, and praised the giver.

Directly after him there came a little pale, poor girl, meanly clad, with poverty written in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness, and a tear trembling in her eye, and she laid beside the rich man's note a single penny. The crowd pushed her rudely by. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But the Saviour saw it, and He accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's offering. Why?

That morning the rich man had said to himself,—

"What shall I give to the collection to-day for foreign missions? I must give a ten-pound note, for that is what will be expected of me, and I wish my donation to be above all the others."

That morning the little girl had been reading her Bible; as she laid it down, she thought,—

"If Jesus did so much for me, O! what can I do to show my love to Him? There is to be a collection for missions to-day, and I have only a penny, but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and He will accept it from me, for I love Him very much."

Then she knelt down and asked a blessing on it. She said,—

"O my Saviour, here is a penny, which

I will give to Thee. Take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so that it may do good to the heathen."

Then, rising from her knees, she carried it to church, and modestly dropped it into the plate.

Bear in mind, dear readers, that it is not only *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the gift acceptable.

SPRING WARBLINGS.

"Oh, how sweetly the birds are singing," said little Ella to her mamma, as she ran to look out of the window after having finished her morning lessons.

"Yes, my dear, and as you have got on so well, I think you cannot do better than run out in the fields till dinner-time, and enjoy this beautiful day. I am busy this morning, and shall not have time to go out with you, but you can go and have a good scamper by yourself."

"Thank you, mamma, I will run and get my bonnet." It was soon on, and off she set in high glee.

But, though full of spirits, Ella was a very thoughful child; and presently, as she looked up into the bright sky, the thought came again into her head, "How very sweetly the birds sing! and how kind God is to have given them such voices to make us happy by listening to them. And they must be happy themselves too, for they

never could sing in that way if they were not. There is a skylark mounting up, up, higher and higher; I cannot see him; yes, there he is again in that white cloud. Now I have lost him far up in that lovely blue, but still I can hear his voice as if he would mount up to heaven itself. What a joyful song! Oh, it must be praising God, she thought. If I could but mount up there with it!"

While she spoke, it seemed as if a voice within her said, "Ella, if your body cannot mount up there, your heart may be with it. If the bird is praising God, how much more ought you to praise Him for all His mercies to you; learn from that skylark a lesson of *praise*."

She had reached the stile that led from the field into a plantation, but before she climbed it she was stopped by hearing the soft coo of a wood-pigeon. She thought an instant, "What does that teach me?" and then said to herself, "How gentle it is! May not I learn to be as *gentle* and meek if anything provokes me, instead of feeling cross?"

"Yes, Ella, that is right; and now look at that little tomtit. What does he say? Let me think a little. Yes, he is a merry, cheerful little bird, always *contented*. I am happy to-day because it is fine; but sometimes if it is a wet day, I am fearful at having to stop in the house; but he can always make himself happy in rain or sun-

shine. That is the lesson that he teaches, I see.

"And there I hear a cuckoo going on and on, as if he would never stop. Ah! he does not give up after one or two trials, but still goes on and on. *Perseverance* may be learnt even from a cuckoo.

"Well, now, there is a common little sparrow. There is not much to be learnt from him, I should think. Don't be too sure of that, Ella. Just look how busily he is picking up materials for his nest. There is *industry*, which you would do well to copy; and he is up in the morning long before *your* eyes are open. And look at his plain dress; he does not trouble his head about fine clothes, but is happy enough in that brown garment which is considered suitable for him. Now will you say that you cannot learn anything from a sparrow? No, indeed, for I see that something may be learnt from each little bird.

"Here is a flycatcher, sitting on an old stump. I will stop and watch him a minute. He never stirs; yes, there he sees a fly, darts after it, and returns to his post to watch as motionless as before. I need not be long looking out for that lesson, for it is *patience*. He tells me not to be so fidgety when I am told to sit still or to do anything disagreeable.

"But now I have been so long walking through this plantation, that I must turn homewards by the other path. 'Listen to

me first,' a blackcap seemed to say to her. Well, what shall I hear from you? You seem to be mocking other birds; you do not want me to be a mimic, do you? 'No, but listen; I do not imitate the bad songs, but only those which are better than my own, so *you* need not follow the *example* of the bad, but only of those from whom you may learn some good lesson.' Thank you, I understand now," said Ella.

She had now reached a brook, over which was a little hand-bridge, and as she was going to cross she espied a water-wagtail dipping himself in the stream.

"Ah! I know what *you* will tell me; to be always *clean and neat*, to keep my hair straight, and put my things on carefully. Next time I am going to do anything untidy, I will think of you."

"And will you not remember me too?" a little robin seemed to ask imploringly, as he hopped on the path before her.

"Yes, I never can forget my dear little friend the robin, so tame and so trusting."

Trusting, yes, that is the word that gives you the lesson, Ella. If that little robin has such faith in *you*, how much more ought not you to have *faith* in your *Saviour* who will never deceive you as long as you trust in Him; that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

She had nearly reached home when the sweet notes of a thrush sounded in her ear. The song rose higher and higher, but at

first she could not find a lesson to be derived from it. Then it seemed to say, "*Hope* is ever mounting upwards, dear Ella. If you are tempted to despair when you think of the many faults you have yet to conquer, remember *me* and hope."

I *will* remember; but there is one sweeter still than even that dear thrush. Oh, how very beautiful! Those *must* be the notes of a nightingale. They are, indeed, and the lesson which it teaches is the sweetest of all, which comprises all the rest in one, the lesson of *love*, of that love which extends to all men and all things on earth, that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, which *never* faileth, but has for its root and sure foundation the best of all kinds of love, love to God and His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF PASSION.

THERE was an account in the newspaper not long ago, of a girl thirteen years of age, plunging her baby brother into a pan of boiling water, because she was angry with the poor child for crying. The baby was killed by it, and the sister was taken up for manslaughter.

How dreadful this was! it was the consequence of giving way to passion. We

hear so many sad things that happen when people and children give way to bad temper. I do not suppose this girl intended to kill her little brother; but she let passion get the head of her, and it took away her thought, and led her to take away the life of her brother, and bring upon herself, most likely, punishment for life.

You know who the first murderer was? Cain was *angry* with his brother Abel, and in a fit of passion rose up and killed him. God gave him a heavy punishment. Be quite certain if you give way to temper it will do you no good, but much harm.

God did not let Moses go into the land of Canaan, because, when angry, he disobeyed God. When any one is *angry* with you, if you give them a *soft* answer they will be much sooner subdued than if you become angry too. If you show a quiet, calm spirit, it will be much better than flying into the most furious passion. Look at Christ; how meek He was, how much He had to bear, but He was always gentle. Cruel men mocked Him, spit upon Him, struck Him, and at last crucified Him. But not one angry, unkind word did He utter; but with His dying breath He prayed for His enemies, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Would you be like Christ? Then copy Him in this.

Passion is a hard thing to cure, but with God's help you can do so. A little girl,

who wanted very much to leave off her hasty ways, tried a plan which she thought would help her. It was this:—whenever she felt the storm of passion begin to rise, she ran into a corner, and said over to herself all the letters of the alphabet. By the time she had finished, she always found that her temper had gone.

How much easier it is to fly *into* a passion, than to get *out* of one. How much easier it is to set a haystack on fire with one match, than to put out the flames with much water. So it is with the hasty temper. Such a little thing stirs it up, and makes the tongue as furious as the flames of fire. But, if you ask God's help, I am sure He will enable you to control your angry feelings. Remember, that the tongue is an unruly member, and very difficult to tame, therefore much help do you require in taming it.

Make Christ your example, dear reader, and from this day, nay, from this minute, let your friends see you becoming more mild, more meek, more gentle, and more like your Saviour, who, when taken even to be crucified, "opened not His mouth."

LUCILLA.

VIOLETS.

AN EXAMPLE TO CHILDREN.

I love the little violets,
So humble and so meek;
They hide themselves beneath their leaves,
Nor admiration seek.

And, though they are retiring,
  Yet lovely fragrance shed,
Not only while their flowers bloom,
  But after they are dead.

Oh, *we* should live as these sweet flowers,
  While yet we walk on earth,
That when we pass to other worlds,
  Some still may feel our worth.

I care not for those wondrous deeds
  That make so great a sound;
Be mine those little acts of love
  That shed a fragrance round.

WILHELMINA B.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

33. What did Job pray that God would make him to know?

34. Where are these words: "The Lord giveth wisdom"?

35. By whom and to whom was it said, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

36. Find these words: "Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."

37. Who prayed, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults"?

38. Who was it whom our Lord said He would make ruler over many things?

39. Find these words: "My hope is in Thee."

40. Where is it written, "God is faithful"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(25.) John xvi. 24. (26.) Matt. iii. 13. (27.) Matt. xiv. 28, 29. (28.) Eccles. ix. 18. (29.) Rom. xv. 13. (30.) Luke ii. 46. (31.) Prov. xi. 30. (32.) Ps. xxv. 9.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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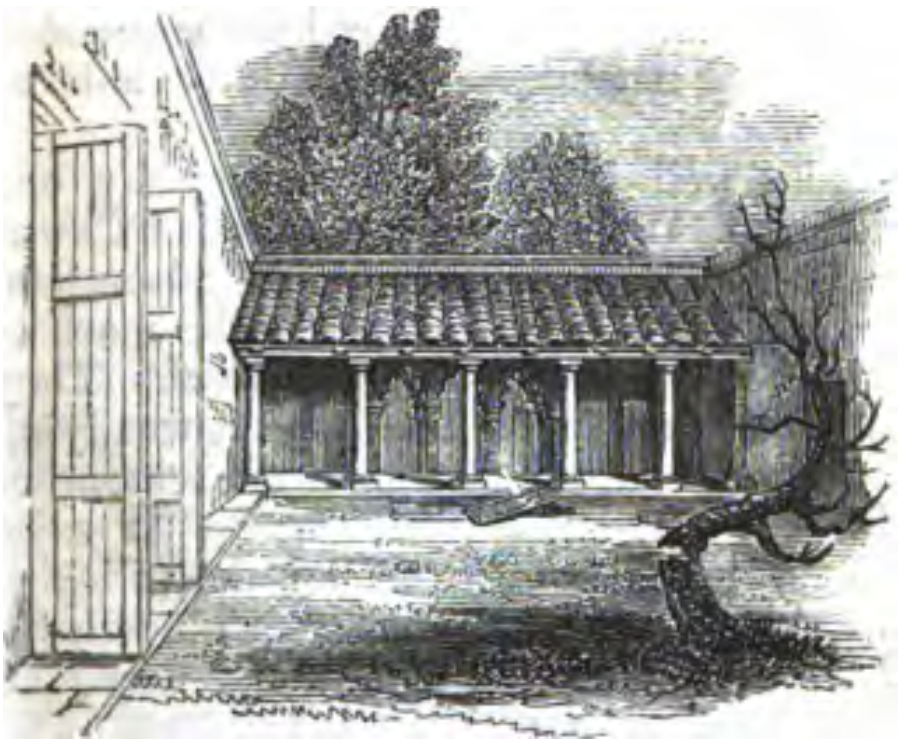

CAWNPORE.

We told you something last month about the Indian princes who were so cruel to English women and children not long ago. Now, if you will look at this picture, you will see the place where many of them were put to death. It is a sad place to look at, and one that makes our hearts very sorrowful. It is called "Cawnpore," and within the walls, which you can see, is

the well down which many poor women and dear little children were thrown, some dead, some alive, and some half killed. I daresay my little readers never looked at so sad a place before.

Some persons have much wished to raise enough money to build a church over the very spot where this dreadful well was. I do not know whether they have succeeded yet, but I much hope they will be able to do so.

The well has been closed up by our soldiers. When our troops reached Cawnpore, they went at once to the place you are looking at, there they saw the mark of the blood of these poor sufferers. They found also a prayer book, and it was lying open at the 23rd Psalm. Do you remember the 4th verse in that Psalm? It says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Oh! we trust that these precious words comforted the hearts of these poor women and children in their sorrow, and we must pray that God will teach the cruel people who put them to death to know Him, and to be truly sorry for their sin. The Indian rebellion, we hope, now is over. But we shall never, as long as our country lasts, forget *Cawnpore*.

M. M.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE children, here is a story for you; for it is about two *very* little children that I know. I will not tell you their names, but will call them I—— and A——. I—— is the elder sister, and is about five years and a half old. A—— is three years and a half. They have pleasant faces, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and light hair. They love each other very much.

One day little A—— came to see her nurse, and showed her a toy of I——'s that she had just broken. The nurse said, "Oh! what will miss I—— say?" The little one ran up to her sister, and holding the toy in one hand behind her, she threw the other arm round I——'s neck and kissed her, and then looked up sweetly into her face, and showed her the broken toy.

I—— was so overcome by little A——'s winning ways that she could not scold her, but took her up in her arms and kissed her, and then led her to her nurse, saying, "Do forgive A——."

Little children, copy A—— in confessing when you have hurt anything belonging to another; and copy I—— whenever you feel angry with your play-fellow for doing you harm. Be gentle, kind, forgiving, and loving.

Little sisters, be like the little birds in their nest. Do not quarrel and fight. It

is sad when brothers and sisters do not agree. Here is a little verse for you: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God." LUCILLA.

OBEDIENCE.

THERE was an account in the papers not very long ago, showing in what habits of obedience General Sir Henry Havelock brought up his children.

We all know General Havelock's name very well; he was one of our greatest officers in India during the last war, and was a good as well as great man.

During his stay in England, when he was Colonel, a gentleman was invited one evening to his house. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Havelock suddenly turned round to her husband, and said, "By the way, my dear, where is Harry?" speaking of her son, whom she had not seen during the whole afternoon. The Colonel started to his feet,—"Well, poor fellow, he's standing on London Bridge, and in this cold too! I told him to wait for me there at twelve o'clock to-day, and, in the pressure of business at ——, I quite forgot the appointment!"

The father and son were to have met at twelve o'clock at noon, and it was now after seven in the evening, yet the father seemed to have no doubt that Harry would not move from his post till he appeared. The

Colonel at once rose, ordered a cab to be called, and as he went forth to deliver his son from his weary watch on London Bridge, he turned to excuse himself to his visitor, saying, "You see, Sir, that 's the discipline of a soldier's family."

In the course of an hour the Colonel returned with poor Harry, who, although he was very cold and glad to see the fire in the comfortable parlour at home, yet he seemed to have passed through the little afternoon's experience with the greatest good humour, and feeling that all was right.

If Sir Henry Havelock had not brought up his children in habits of obedience, his son would not have grown up as he did.

The first thing a child does is to try to get its own way, and do what it is forbidden to do. If it is not punished, and its little will is not broken, it will grow more determined to do what is wrong, and will be more difficult to make obedient when older. Remember the command in the Bible, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this *is right.*"

General Havelock has now gone to his rest; for, being a good soldier of Christ, as well as a brave soldier to our Queen, God has said to him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LUCILLA.

THE DAISY.

Is it not a pretty sight to see a field covered

thickly with daisies? The daisy is a simple flower, and yet how beautifully formed. We find it on hill and dale, in hedges and fields; it seems scattered everywhere, and should, I think, remind us of God's daily mercies, which crowd so thickly about our path.

Suppose we look at a few of them, and I think you will own with me that the mercies of one day are more in number than the daisies in a field. You awake in the morning, after a good night's rest; here is a cluster to begin with. You have had a comfortable bed to lie on, refreshing sleep, and protection from the dangers of the night, together with renewed health and strength.

What is the first thing you see when you open your eyes? The light of the sun: this is a mercy. Suppose God were to say, "I will not let my sun shine on the world any more, for the people in it never thank me for it," what a dark and dreary world this would be, and how soon everything would die! Then, again, what a mercy that you have sight to see it when it does shine!

Now you are out of bed, and here is soap and fresh water for you to wash with. Perhaps you will think this can scarcely be called a mercy, and yet it is a great one. Do you not remember hearing, during the war in India, that many persons, even ladies and children, were obliged to go a

fortnight without washing, and how they suffered from this? We often know not the value of our blessings till we lose them.

Stay, do not leave your room yet. There is your Bible on your table; it is a special mercy that you can have a Bible of your own. Do not neglect it; it is able to make you wise unto salvation, for it tells the good news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and "that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Kneel down, then, and thank God for these blessings, and ask His care over you during the day; it is a great mercy to be permitted to ask God for everything we want.

And now you come to the breakfast-table. Is it not a blessing to have nice wholesome food upon it, and a good appetite for it? Do not forget to ask God to bless your food, and make it do your body good.

Is it not a mercy that you can run about and enjoy the fresh air, and use all your limbs? But perhaps some child who is reading this will say, "I cannot run about, for I am sick." Still, dear child, you have many mercies. Your friends are kind, and do all they can to make you comfortable, while the doctor uses his skill to soothe your pain and heal your disease. If God has blessed you with patience, that is a greater mercy still; and the sickness

itself will be a blessing, if it brings you nearer to God.

I could tell you of many other mercies, but I have not time to mention them all. It would be easier to count the daisies in a field than to count the mercies of one day, but I hope you will learn to think much about them for yourselves.

But one word more about the daisy. The little daisy is always looking upward; so let God's many mercies keep you always looking up to Him and thanking Him for them. The Bible says, "It is good to sing praises to our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely." Psa. cxlvii. 1.

P.

"THE DRESS WE NEED."

"JUST to think, it has rained every Sunday since that beautiful pink dress of mine was made, as if it came on purpose to disappoint me; but it is a beautiful day to-day, mother, mayn't I wear my new pink dress and white talma?" said little Sarah Hamilton.

The pink dress was donned, and little Sarah tripped along to church, passing many little butterflies as gay and thoughtless as herself. "Good morning, Annie," said she, condescendingly, as she brushed by a pale, lame little girl, who, in plain but neat garments, was hobbling slowly along on crutches. "Oh, I am glad I ain't lame, it's so awkward," said she, as she stooped

down and brushed off the dust that had collected over her neat-fitting little gaiters.

"What a dear little girl!" said a well-dressed lady's maid, who was leaning on the railing of a large house, talking to the footman. "She has certainly been to dancing-school," rejoined the footman, "by the way she turns out her toes."

"Wouldn't you like to buy some of my cakes and candies, miss?" said a haggard little girl with matted hair, confronting Sarah as she was about entering the church door. "Oh! fie, little girl, to sell cakes and candies on Sunday; I am glad that I know better than *that;*" and the little Pharisee was soon seated in her softly-cushioned pew.

One who "seeth not as man seeth," even the Lord in His holy temple, looked that day upon the hearts of Sarah Hamilton and Annie Simms. No meanness of outward garb could prevent the sighing of a contrite spirit from reaching His throne. No lameness could retard the swift-winged message of mercy; "blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God."

The admired dress and graceful carriage of Sarah Hamilton threw no veil over the pride and vanity and self-righteousness that dwelt in her young breast. To the eye of her Maker, they lay "naked and open," in all the deformity of sin.

We fear there are many little Sarah Hamiltons, who in the house of God are

more occupied with their appearance than with the solemn truths which their pastors utter. Little ones, you are not more or less acceptable to God for the dress you wear, but "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in His sight of great price."

We read in the Bible of God's judgments being executed upon two very wicked people, even in the moment that they were exulting in their appearance. Of the vain and cruel Jezebel we read—"And she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window." But how soon was that ornamented head and painted face a prey to dogs, and the skull and palms of the hands all that remained of the proud, defiant beauty. We read also how Herod, "arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne." But the angel of the Lord smote him, and he was eaten up of worms, even while the shout of the blind multitude proclaimed him a god.

Now Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, and Herod one of the holy apostles; and the love of display might seem a small sin in the bloody category of their crimes; but that the judgments of God shall have overtaken them in the moment of their proud exultation, showed that His eye had marked, and His hand visited upon them, even that sin.

Children, God's eye has marked all *your* sins, and every one of you must appear in judgment before Him. *Then* and *there* it

becomes you to ask, "How shall I appear?" Your pride and vanity, your fancied superiority to others, will then show themselves to be but filthy rags; and, like the man who had not on a wedding garment, you will stand condemned to be cast into outer darkness. But Christ your Saviour has died that you might wash your robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. He sees that you are all spotted and stained with sin, and offers to clothe you with His own glorious righteousness.

Little Sarah Hamilton, the marriage supper of the Lamb awaits you—the wedding garment and the ring. The Lamb in the midst of the throne still cries—"Suffer little children to come unto me." Come to Him, that He may clothe you with salvation. Then shall you tread His courts with praise and sing triumphantly—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

A BRAVE BOY.

When Lord Dundonald was a boy, he was with his father in a ship of war. It was at the time that we were at war with France. One day some ships were seen at a distance, which presently proved to belong to the enemy, so the decks were cleared, and all was made ready for an action. Lord Dundonald, not wishing to expose

his boy to danger, and knowing that he could be of no use on deck, but probably only in the way, shut him up in the cabin, while he himself went up to take the command.

When the fight commenced, and the booming of the guns became quicker and quicker, and the excitement of all on board was intense, the boy got into such a frantic state, that he could no longer stay where he was, but burst through the cabin door, and rushed on deck.

The first thing that met him there was a man struck dead at his side by a cannon shot. The sailors begged him to go below;

but nothing would induce him to go. Not all the horrors of the battle as it raged around frightened him; he staid on, and

helped wherever he could, until all was over.

Now, we don't know whether any of our little readers will ever be in a ship of war, if so, we hope that they will be as brave as this little boy was.

But we would remind them that there are other ways in which to show our bravery besides in war. Any day of our lives we may be brave for God against our spiritual enemies. When a temptation occurs to lead us off from duty, we may pray for grace to help us, and resolutely set ourselves against being conquered. When bad companions would lead us wrong, we may tell them boldly that we will do what is right. And this is a better kind of bravery than the other, because it is what God prefers. In battle we may fight for our country, but in these things we fight for God. O.

ANNIE SUMNERS, OR, VICTORY OVER SELF.

ANNIE SUMNERS was in most respects a good, and, therefore, a happy child; but like every one else, she had a wicked heart, which often tempted her to do things which, in her happier moments, and when she had time to think about them, she bitterly repented. This wicked heart in her chiefly showed itself in *selfishness*, or liking always

to have the best things without regard to either her brother's and sister's comfort, or, what was worse, to father's or mother's. She always took the warmest seat in winter and the coolest in summer, and when told to move, she obeyed in a sullen, discontented way, which showed how unwilling she was to *prefer* others to herself.

Now, children, you must not think that Annie was a very naughty child, and that she never did anything right, for if you do it is a mistake. At school, in her class, she was one of the best children; she always answered quickly, and was very attentive, both to her teacher and also to the clergyman who used to read a little sermon to the children every Sunday afternoon. But when you read this story think, if *you* have not some great fault,—if not selfishness, perhaps something worse; and try, with God's Holy Spirit's help, to correct it, as you will presently see Annie tried, and if you read on, you will see how far she succeeded.

One Sunday the clergyman read a sermon, and the text was, "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love; in honour preferring one another," Romans xii. 10. He particularly explained to them what was meant by "in honour preferring one another," that is, not merely loving one another, but also giving up to them our pleasures, or anything we have better than them; not pushing forward and trying

to get the best thing, but waiting till our turn.

Annie was quite struck. God touched her heart, and she thought to herself, "I never prefer others to myself, I love my brothers and sisters, but I never give up anything to them. O God, touch my hard heart, and make me Thy child; Thou who art all love, give me some of that love, I pray Thee, for the sake of Thy dear Son."

From that time Annie was much happier, because she tried to make others happy, and tried not to think of herself. As you may imagine, this was very hard work, but she persevered, and went on trying every day, and so gained a victory over herself. And now, if you ask her parents, they will tell you that she is their treasure, and they do not know what they would do without her. She is always just as attentive and good at school as ever, and is beloved of all her companions. I will only say to those who read this, "Go, and do thou likewise."

FANNY.

SELF-DENIAL.

"OH, WILLIE!" exclaimed little Harry Ashton, as he burst into the room where his elder brother sat poring over a book, which seemed to interest him very much, "do come and show me how to fly my new kite; there's a famous wind blowing; do

come." "Really, Harry, I can't to-day, for I've got this story-book, which was lent me, to finish before school goes in; to-morrow will do just as well." "But there may not be wind enough to-morrow, I wish you would come now, Willie." "I am sorry I can't to-day, Harry, for I am so busy," replied his brother.

Poor Harry's bright little face was clouded with disappointment, but he left the room without urging his request any further. Willie was again deeply absorbed in his book, but suddenly he raised his head, and, addressing his mother, who was occupied writing, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, do listen to this Swedish story: was'nt it noble, and of a girl too!" so saying, he began to read as follows:—

"It happened one winter that a father and his two daughters were crossing a small lake on the ice on their way to market. When they were within a short distance of the shore the ice suddenly gave way, and they were at once engulphed in the waters. One of the girls succeeded in supporting herself on a piece of ice which was rather stronger than the rest, when her sister in her agony seized hold of her by the shoulder, and was gradually drawing her down. 'Oh, Selina,' cried the poor girl, 'the ice cannot bear two, we shall both be drowned.' 'Selina,' cried the sinking father, 'do you hear what Anna says?' Selina heard, and relaxing her

hold, sank beneath the waters, never to rise again; while her sister was saved."

"Oh, Willie, what a dreadful story," cried little Mary, who was seated at work by her mother's side, "I am sure I could not have done that!" "But I could, Mary, if we had been out on the ice together; don't you think so, mamma?" asked Willie, appealing again to his mother.

"Indeed, Willie," returned Mr. Ashton, "I do'nt think any of us could say before hand what we should do if we were placed in such dreadful circumstances, but, judging from small things, I am not at all so sure as you seem to be, my boy, that you would be capable of such an act of self-sacrifice. Do you know, I have always remarked that really great heroes and heroines have early practised *little* acts of self-denial."

"O, mamma, I see," said Willie, looking rather confused; "you think I ought to have gone with Harry when he asked me."

"Yes, love, I do;" and, added Mr. Ashton, smiling, "as I hope it may be a long while before you ever have an opportunity of pulling Mary out of the pond, I would advise you not to despise the little acts of self-denial which you meet with daily. You know, my boy, there are few of us to whom it is given to follow in the steps of our great Example, by sacrificing our lives for others; but we

can all imitate Him, in that He pleased not Himself."

H. T.

KEEP OUT OF DANGER.

We often hear of accidents taking place on railways. Some of these happen from carelessness, some from disobedience, some from ignorance. The one which I am going now to tell you about happened in a very singular way, and will, I think, teach us all a useful lesson.

Two men were busy unloading coals near a railroad, when, the whistle sounding, they became aware that a train was coming up. One of the men, seeing a wheelbarrow on the line, jumped down, and ran to move

it out of the way; but in doing this his foot slipped into an opening between the rails, and became firmly fixed there. He tried with all his might to pull it out. He called for help as loudly as he could, and one man hearing him came running up. But it was too late! The train came puffing on with great speed. The poor man saw it would knock him down and kill him if he stood where he was, so in an instant he threw himself over the line, thus putting his *body* out of its way. But, alas! it passed over his foot, which was still firmly fixed, and I need scarcely tell you that it was dreadfully crushed. You may think what great pain the poor man suffered! He was taken to a hospital, and it was found necessary to cut off his leg immediately. The man's life was saved, but he was a cripple, obliged to go on crutches for the rest of his days.

Now, I think this sad story teaches us how very easy it is to *get into* trouble, but how very difficult it is to *get out* of it. A child may soon get into a bad passion, but he may be a long time coming out of it, and he feels unhappy and ashamed as he thinks how naughty he has been. A boy may soon get into bad company, but he will be a long time getting out of it; and even if he does so, he will find that he is not the same boy he once was, but that it has done him a great deal of harm. We may easily get into bad habits, but we

shall not so easily get out of them. Let us always remember that it is much easier to *keep out* of evil than to *get* out of it.

M. M.

THE BRAHMIN BOY.

I AM going to tell you a story, my dear children, of a boy in India, who left off praying to idols and became a lover and follower of Jesus.

In a part of India called Benares there was a good missionary preaching Christ to the heathen. All who believed what he said came and told him that they would like to be Christians; and then, if he found that they really meant what they said, he taught them about Christ, and afterwards baptized them.

Amongst these persons there was a young Brahmin. He came to the missionary and asked him to baptize him, as he wished to be a Christian. When the missionary asked him about himself, he said, "I am an orphan, and have heard you preach in the city, and wish to be a Christian. My gods are deceivers, but Christ is the Saviour of men, and died for them."

The missionary said, "You are but a young boy, and must consider what you will have to suffer if you become a Christian."

The boy replied, "Sahib, your warning comes too late; I have already cut my

Brahmanical string and lock of hair, have eaten with Christians, and so destroyed my caste."

The next day his friends came to look for him. They were allowed to see him, but not to take him away by force.

When they had left he threw himself at the missionary's feet, and begged him to protect him. A few days after, an order from the police was received at the missionary station to send the boy to them; they were obliged to obey the order, but they sent a European catechist (or teacher) with him. As soon as they had got out of the Missionary grounds, about forty persons fell upon them, and tried to carry the boy off, but they were not allowed to do this, for it was now discovered that the police had not really sent an order. The next day his grandmother, and aunt, and mother-in-law came to him, for females have great power in being able to persuade their male relatives to do anything. They wept bitterly, threw themselves at his feet, and knocked their heads on the ground. Next came the old grandfather, nearly a hundred years old, and he was a great enemy of Christ, and was very proud and violent. He argued with his grandson, flattered him, scolded him, and cursed him, and at length flew into a great passion, and said, "You good-for-nothing young fellow, I thought you would one day burn my poor old bones; instead of

which you play me the trick of becoming a Christian." The boy replied, "Do not be angry; become a Christian too, grandfather, and we can live together."

As the boy was a member of a family of rank, all means were taken to entice him away from the missionary station. but they did not succeed. There was his grandfather at his feet, his female relatives weeping, and the old man cursing and flattering by turns; yet this boy, strong in the strength which Christ supplies, said again and again, "Do not persuade me, I cannot remain a Hindu; I wish to become a Christian, for Christ died for me."

Well, when the relations found that they could not make any impression upon the boy with all their entreaties, they brought him before the English magistrate, who was obliged by the law to order him to be given up to his friends, as he was under fourteen years of age. The missionaries then came and begged the judge to let the boy stay with them, because he wished to do so; but the judge said that he must be given up to his friends, and so he was. But two days afterwards the grand-parents came to the missionaries, and told them that their grandson had run away from them, and they both wept. The missionaries talked to them, and told them how wicked it was to pray to idols, and what a good thing it was to be a Christian, and they ought to let their grandson do as he pleased, and at

last the grand-parents consented to allow the boy to remain with the missionaries.

So you see how God delivered his child out of the hands of those who would have made him worship idols.

I wonder whether you would have been as bold as this Brahmin boy. He was ready, you see, to leave all his dear relations and friends for Christ's sake, or he could not have lived amongst them and served God. He had to choose between the two. I hope you, my dear children, are making a good choice. You remember what Jesus' friend Mary chose: "But Mary hath chosen the good part," said Christ of her. And if you choose the way that leads to heaven, that will be the best way of all other ways in this world. Such a good part that is, for then you will have the Lord for your God, Jesus as your Saviour, the Holy Spirit as your Guide, and heaven as last as your eternal home. B.

SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John xii. 21.

HAPPY they who wish to see
Christ, who bled on Calvary;
Seeking with their hearts to find
Him, who died to save mankind.

Here's an object worth your love,
Great indeed, all price above:
They who find Him, find a Friend,
Whose strong love will never end.

Have you sought Him—have you found ?
Swell, oh swell His praise around ;
Urge your youthful friends to come,
Tell them all, there yet is room.

Have you not to Him drawn near ?
You may well be filled with fear ;
None are safe till Him they find—
Blessed Saviour of mankind.

Imitate those Greeks of old,
Seek admission to that fold,
Where the gentle Shepherd leads,
Guides and keeps, and ever feeds.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

41. Who is it that shall understand the kindness of the Lord ?
42. Where is God said to "lay up sound wisdom for the righteous" ?
43. Where does God say of the Jews, "They love to wander" ?
44. Where are men denounced who "carry tales" ?
45. Where is this promise : "Seek ye Me, and ye shall live" ?
46. What does Jesus say the "heart" may be while the "lips" are honouring him ?
47. Where does Jesus tell us that he was in existence before Abraham ?
48. What did St. Paul do when he became a man ?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(33.) Job xiii. 23. (34.) Prov. ii. 6. (35.) Luke xii. 57. (36.) Psa. lxxxvi. 5. (37.) Psa. xix. 12. (38.) Matt. xxv. 23. (39.) Psa. xxxix. 7. (40.) 1 Cor. i. 9.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A GENTLEMAN, who had a large property, was led into evil courses. He drank hard and gambled much. Soon his property began to waste away; and at last it was all gone.

One night he came to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall, sick at heart; and passing on to his wife's chamber there saw her sitting sobbing and broken-hearted, and his little child by her side.

Sullen and wretched, he seated himself, without saying a word.

Presently the mother said, "Come, my child, it is time for you to go to bed." And the little one, as was her usual way, came up to her mother's side, and knelt down on her knees to say her evening prayers.

When she had finished, she looked up to her weeping mother, and said, "Dear ma, may I say one more prayer?" "O yes, my sweet pet," said the mother.

So she put her tiny hands once more together, and prayed, "O God, spare; oh do spare my dear father!"

That little prayer, so simple and earnest, was wafted to heaven, and heard there. It went also to the father's heart. He melted, and wept. He rushed to his wife and child, fell on his knees, confessed his bad life, and resolved in God's strength to become a better man. God helped him; he left off his bad ways; and once more he had a home, wife, and child, all happy.

Children, see what a little child's prayer can do! Do you pray continually and earnestly for your parents, and your brothers and sisters? O.

"TRUST IN GOD."

"MOTHER, what did the Psalmist mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God! for in Thee do I put my trust?'"

"Do you remember the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods last week?"

"Oh yes, mother: wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I do not like to talk about that bridge, mother, it makes me giddy. Do you believe it is safe—just those two planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little to one side she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?"

"Yes. She stopped a minute, as if she did not like to go over, and then looked up in her father's face, and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take care of me, father dear; I don't feel afraid when you take hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

"I think David felt like that little girl when he wrote the words which you have just read."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one in the woods; but he had come to some place of difficulty in his life, and when he was in any way troubled, he looked up to God,

just as the little girl did to her father, and said, 'Preserve me, O God!' It is the same as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid if you take hold of my hand.'"

"Oh, mother, how beautiful! But God did not really take hold of David's hand, and lead him through the trouble."

"No; but God loves His children who trust in Him—who feel safe in His care—just as the father did his little daughter; and, though He does not take hold of their hand, He knows how to make them feel as peaceful and easy as if He did."

"Mother, can I be one of God's children?"

"Yes, my dear. If you love Him, and trust Him, and try to please Him, He will call you His own, and lead you all your life, and make you very happy."

"Will there be any bridges in my life?—I mean, shall I have troubles? Now I have not any, have I? I have not to look up to God and ask Him to take care of me."

"You must not think great troubles are the only ones we have to meet with. You will have many small troubles, and will need to look to your heavenly Father to take care of you through them."

"What troubles do you think I shall have, mother?"

"You had one this morning. Sarah was unkind to you, and you were sadly grieved."

"Could I go to God with such troubles?"

"Yes, my dear; you can tell Him, just as you would me, all your unhappiness, and ask Him to comfort you."

"Mother, I am very glad we read that psalm this morning. I think I love God better already, and I hope I shall always trust Him."

"I hope you will; and if you begin when you are a little girl, you will learn better and better about Him, and be far happier than those who have no such Friend to go to in trouble."

"Why, cannot everybody go to God with their wants?"

"Certainly, if they will; but a great many people never tell Him their troubles —never ask Him to forgive them, nor to take care of them. They did not begin in their childhood, and it is difficult to learn these trusts when we are old."

"Oh! I hope I shall learn it now, while you can help me, mother."

"God alone can help you, my child. Ask Him to teach you to trust Him."

"WHY, MOTHER?"

LITTLE children should always do everything their papas and mammas tell them, as they always have some good reason if they forbid them following some favourite amusement.

Emma was a good child on the whole, but when mamma told her not to do anything, she always asked, "Why, mamma, why may I not do that?"

On one occasion, when she had been told not to play on the grass, she asked as usual, "Why, mamma?"

Her mamma looked sad, and taking her on her knee said, "I am grieved, my little girl, to find you always asking 'Why?' instead of obeying directly. Listen, and I will tell you a sad story about a little girl who had the same bad habit as yourself.

"Her name was Jane, and she had a little brother called Harry, of whom she often took care. One day, when she was going to take him to play on the village common as usual, her mother said, 'Jane, do not take Harry to the common to play, but take him to our field, and play with him there.'

"'Why, mother?' asked Jane.

"Her mother said, 'Never mind, Jane; do as I bid you.'

"Jane sulkily went and put on little Harry's hat and coat; but, instead of obeying her mother, she went to the common. Now, the reason her mother told her not to go there was, that several children in the village had got the scarlet fever, and she was afraid that Harry might catch it. Jane had had it before.

"Harry played about with several little boys and girls, and then Jane took him

home. He soon was very sick, and complained of his head aching; and in a short time it was evident he had taken the fever. Jane confessed, with tears, where she had been. The poor little boy was ill a few days, and, after suffering a great deal, at length it pleased God to take him to heaven to sing His praises there.

"Jane was never happy after this, even when she became a woman; for the recollection of her disobedience made her sad."

After this sad story Emma made a resolution to do as she was bid at once, and asked God's assistance to keep it, through Jesus Christ. And I am glad to say that she was enabled to keep it, and that she became a comfort to her mother and friends.

T. W.

SYMPATHY.

WHICH of all the dear little readers of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND can tell me what sympathy is? "I know what it is," I think I hear one saying. "Is it not to 'rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep?'" Yes, you are quite right—that is *sympathy*. I love to see children rejoicing in the success of their schoolfellows or in the pleasures of their playmates, and it pleases me yet more to see them trying to comfort those of their young friends who are in trouble, whatever

that trouble may be. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

A very long while ago, two dear friends were wending their way homewards, after the sacred duties of the Sabbath day. They were apparently engaged in deep conversation on some subject of intense interest; but their countenances were sad, and they appeared to be in great sorrow. A stranger too was journeying along the same road, and, seeing they were in distress, he spoke to them, kindly inquired the *cause* of their distress, and talked to them of *Jesus*, the name of all others that sounds the sweetest in the believer's ear. What precious words were those! How soothing to their troubled spirits! Who could this loving stranger be? The two friends knew not who He was; but so much did they like His conversation, that they begged He would go into their house and lodge there that night. He *did* go in, and as they supped together their eyes were opened, and they recognised the unknown stranger to be no less than the Lord Jesus Himself! Happy friends! Well might their hearts burn with love to their risen Saviour, as He spoke to them of Himself! Little did they think that He whose absence they were mourning was then personally present with them! Ah, He had tasted deep and bitter sorrow, therefore He knew how to sympathize in the sorrows

of others. You can read the whole account in Luke xxiv. 13—35.

Dear children, seek to cultivate a sympathizing spirit: try in this respect to imitate Christ. Do not say there are no opportunities for allowing you to exercise this kindly feeling. Opportunities abound; only do not let them pass. Try and forget about pleasing yourselves in your anxiety to give pleasure to others.

I have read of one dear girl, who, having lost her place as head of the class, ran to her little competitor, gave her a good kiss, and complimented her on her success. Was not that "rejoicing with those who do rejoice?"

Above all things, do not forget St. Paul's command, "Weep with those that weep." Oh, how easy a thing it is to lighten the sorrows of others by a kind word and a sympathizing look! Jesus delighted in acting thus when He was upon earth; and should not those who desire to be His followers strive to "walk in His steps?" Christ is our great Example; and oh, remember, dear children, the more you have of His spirit—the more conformed you are to His image upon earth, the nearer will you be to Him in glory! M. J.

RESCUE OF A POOR BOY.

An American minister was one day walking on a Sunday morning to his Sunday-

school, and as he turned the corner of a little narrow street, a short way to his school, he saw a parcel of little boys, Arabs of the street, engaged playing at marbles. They saw him as he came, and as they saw him the greater part of them got up their marbles, and in a moment were off like a shot before he could catch them. One little boy did not happen to see the minister at first, and before he could get his marbles, or muster his strength to make off, the minister had him.

Then came the grand question, What was to be said, what was to be done? There were confronted, face to face, the minister of Christ and the little ignorant, dark, benighted child. Now, many a one would have said, "Oh! you little Sabbath-breaker, you deserve to be punished;" or others, "You are found out in your bad way; you had better come along with me."

The American minister was not a man of that kind. He was one of those who knew that kindness, tenderness, and affection were the ways to get at the heart; and he said to the little boy, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No, sir," said the child, "there is one I have not found." "Then," said the minister, "I will try and help you to find it:" so they stooped down and searched, and they found the marble at last.

"Are you fond of playing marbles, my

boy?" was the next question. "Yes, sir, I am." "So used I to be," said the minister; "and I think I could beat you myself if we were to have a game, only I never play on a Sunday."

The poor little boy's countenance expanded. He looked with confidence at the kind man who spoke to him, and he thought, "I have found, not an enemy, but a friend."

"If you will come with me, my boy," said the minister, "I will bring you to a place where you will see something better than playing marbles, and hear something you will like to hear." He was told it was to the Sunday-school; and, after a little hesitation, he said he would go, but that he was so dirty he was not fit to go. "Then," said the minister, "here is a pump at which you can wash your face and hands." "But I cannot pump and wash," said the boy. The minister pumped, and the boy washed, and he gave him his handkerchief to dry himself with, which the boy took, after hesitating on the ground that it was so clean.

He then took the minister's hand, and they proceeded to the Sunday-school. When they got near it, the busy hum of voices through the windows startled him, and he was afraid to go in, saying that the boys would laugh at him, and make fun of him. "Another time I will go, sir, but not now."

Here was the crisis of the boy's life.

"I promise you," said the minister, "that if you come in they shall not laugh at you, or turn you to jest. Take my hand, and come." He did so, and the minister brought him to one of the most experienced teachers in the school, and told him the story. The boy was treated kindly.

He came regularly afterwards, and learned to read and study the Scriptures. His father and mother were poor, drunken, profligate people, and were glad that the boy should be noticed, so they did not object. By-and-by he became one of the sharpest boys in the school, was afterwards apprenticed, and after some time the minister lost sight of him, and never saw his face for twenty years.

One day, as he passed through the streets of Philadelphia, he saw a gentleman-like looking man, who stopped him and said, "Sir, do you know me?" "No, I do not." "Ah! do you not remember twenty years ago finding a little boy in the street playing at marbles, speaking to him kindly, pumping for him while he washed, and bringing him to your Sunday-school? Sir, I am that boy. The world has since gone well with me; I have prospered in business, and, through the blessing of God, possess a considerable fortune. All that I am and all that I have I owe, under God, to your kindness, your wise kindness, your

aggressive kindness, in laying hold of me by the shoulder that day, and treating me kindly and tenderly; not rebuking me, not being hard with me, but dealing gently with me, holding me by the hand, and treating me as what I was—an ignorant, poor, worthless creature, who knew nothing, and with whom it would have been useless to deal otherwise."

A TIGER IN THE SEA.

Some fishermen of a village called "Hejamandy," some nineteen miles to the north of Bangalore, in India, put out to sea long before daylight one morning. When they were some hundred yards from land, they espied something like a huge fish a short distance from them. They naturally rowed

up to it, and one of them made a blow at it with his harpoon. On this the animal rushed at the boat, laid hold of the nearest man with his paws, and in dragging him him overboard upset the boat.

It was then that the men found out that it was a tiger, and of course swam to the shore for their lives. The poor man who was in the clutches of the beast vainly struggled for some time, and then sank under the waves a corpse. The beast next got on the boat, which was floating bottom upwards, and took formal possession of it.

In the meantime, the men who had got to the shore raised a hue and cry, and, collecting some more hands, put off in two or three boats to give the beast battle. Not having any firearms with them, this was a work of some danger; but one fellow, more dexterous than the others, at length struck his harpoon into the neck of the animal, and killed him.

THE PRAYING CHILD.

"'My children," said a poor widow to her five little ones, "I have no food for you this morning, as all the bread in the house is gone, and I have no money to buy more. Pray to the good God to supply our need, for He has said, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble.'"

Little Christian, one of the widow's children, who was not more than six years of

age, went on his way to school sad and hungry.

But as he passed the door of the church, he saw that it was open, and determined to enter in and pray there; for his mother's dwelling was so small and crowded, that he was never able to say his prayers quite alone. So he went into the church, not knowing that anyone was there: he knelt down in the middle aisle and said the following prayer:—

"Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing left to eat. Our mother has no food in the house for us, and without thy help we all must starve. O Lord, help us. Thou art rich and powerful, and to Thee it is an easy thing to help us. Thou hast promised to do so, therefore now fulfil Thy word."

So prayed Christian with childlike simplicity, and then went to school. On his return home he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and bread, meat, eggs, and rice, temptingly spread upon the table.

"Thank God," said little Christian, when he saw it. "He has heard my prayer. Mother, did a beautiful angel bring these things for us?"

"No," replied the widow, "but God has sent them in answer to your prayers. When you were in church you thought no one saw you but God; but there was a lady sitting in one of the pews, and she heard you pray, and saw you through the

lattice work on the side of the pew. She sent us our feast; she is the angel whom God raised up to help us. Now let us ask His blessing on our meal, and never forget, my children, those sweet lines:

'Trust the Lord and wait His hour,
He will aid in love and power.'"

"IT COMES FROM ABOVE."

THERE was once in France a poor boy who was called "Little Peter." He was an orphan, and begged his bread from door to door. He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty-handed. It was an idle and sad life which he led, but Peter had no one to care for him, and he did not know what else to do. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, "It comes from above." I will now tell you why.

When his father was on his deathbed—if, indeed, he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, "My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above; then you will find it easy to bear everything with patience."

Little Peter understood him, and, in order not to forget the words, he often spoke them aloud. He received every gift with the words, "It comes from above."

As he grew up, he used to consider what they meant. He was wise enough to see that, as God rules the world, we may well believe, of everything that happens in the way of His providence, "it comes from above."

This faith of Little Peter often turned out for his benefit. Once, as he was passing through the town, a sudden gust of wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell on his shoulder, and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The bystanders laughed, and thought he must be out of his senses, for of course it could not fall from below; but they did not understand him. A minute after, the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Had Little Peter gone on, he would, probably, have been at that moment just where the roof fell.

Another time, a gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a town, bidding him make all haste. On his way, he tried to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide that he fell in and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in the mud, and could not be recovered. The gentleman was angry when Little Peter told him of the loss, and drove him out of doors with his whip. "It comes from above," said Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him, "See here," said he, "there are two half-crowns

for you for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have now so changed that it would have been a loss to me had the letter gone safely."

I could tell you much more about Peter. When he had become a great boy, he was still called "Little Peter." A rich gentleman who came into the town, having heard his story, sent for him, in order to give him something. When Little Peter entered the room, the Englishman said, "What think you, Peter; why have I sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the gentleman. After thinking awhile he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service, and provide well for you. Will you agree to that?" "It comes from above," answered Peter: "God is very good to me; I will gladly go with you."

So the Englishman took him away. It was a good thing for the poor boy, who had been taught no trade. Long afterwards, we learned that when his master died, he left him a large sum of money to carry on the business; and that "Little Peter" was then a wealthy man in Birmingham. But he still said of every occurrence, "It comes from above."

NOW IS THE TIME.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man; I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must have my care: when they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried: "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died; he put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

TO-MORROW.

"WHAT has your grandson been doing, Mrs. Moore?" said the clergyman, Mr. Johnson, as he walked up the village.

"Why, sir, he is a naughty boy! I just heard him using some bad words, and I had been out to scold him and give him a good box on the ear."

"Ah, was it so? and when you turned back to the house I saw him throw a stone after you. Oh, you naughty boy," said Mr. Johnson, as he turned to the child, who was about five years old. "You thought that nobody saw you do that wicked

thing; but I saw you, and some one else too, who is a great deal more to be feared than I am. Even if I had not been there He would have seen you, for He sees everything and everybody. It is very wrong to throw stones at anybody, but especially at your grandmother, who is set over you, and whom you ought to honour and obey. Children should always be respectful and kind to old people. It was very wicked of you, and God will mark that down in His book, as well as the naughty words you used; and some day you will have to stand before Him and be judged, and answer for all these things. Think of that, and be afraid to speak in that way; for what will you do in that day with these sins on your head? The only way to be forgiven is to pray to God that He will pardon you, through His Son Jesus Christ our Lord. If you do that with all your heart, perhaps He will be merciful to you."

Mr. Johnson then, leaving the boy, walked into the house, which was near, to speak to his mother. "Mrs. Brown," said he, "you must take care of that boy of yours, or I do not know what he will come to. It is very early to be going on in such bad ways."

"Ah, sir, he's high-spirited, and he is so young, that I thought he might enjoy himself a little while. When he is older I mean to correct him"

"I do not consider that a proper way of

enjoying himself, as you call it, Mrs. Brown; and, as to his being young, you have given me the very reason why he should be corrected at once. The best way is not to allow him to *begin* these sins, but next best to that is to stop him before they get any worse. If he is not stopped now he never will be, for he will get beyond your management, and will go on from bad to worse till there is no saying how it will end. I have told him he will answer for his sins before God's judgment-seat. I need not tell you, I think, that you will have a great share in those sins. How will you bear to meet your child and hear him tell you, that if it had not been for you he might have been happy; but that in giving him false earthly pleasure, you have condemned him to eternal misery? Now I must go, but remember this and begin at once."

"Yes, sir, when I have time, to-morrow."

"Don't put off till to-morrow. Who knows what may happen before then?"

Alas, poor mother. Who knows, indeed! You little thought that your boy would never see a to-morrow on earth. But so it was. After the good clergyman had left, the child ran off with some more boys, never heeding the call of his mother, who did not take the trouble to go after him, and stop him. They went to the river, and he wandered away from his companions to gather flowers on the bank. They hung far over; he reached, overbalanced himself,

and fell. It was some time before the other children missed him; but when, struck with horror, they saw his body floating on the water, and ran to call for help, it was too late. The body was got out, but the life, the spirit, had fled for ever.

The poor mother was found by Mr. Johnson in an agony of grief, exclaiming again and again, "Oh, sir, my child! it was my fault! it was my fault! and I shall never see him again! I have killed him!"

The clergyman tried to comfort her, by speaking of the mercy of God in Christ, though he could not excuse her conduct.

"God saw," he said, "that a warning through me was not enough for you, so He has sent this more terrible warning by His own hand. Perhaps it is designed to bring you to Himself, and I sincerely pray that it may have that effect on you, and that you may never again put off to a more convenient season what ought to be done at once."

And now, my children, I want you to apply this story each and all of you to himself or herself. See by this what were the fruits of disobedience in this poor boy, and remember always to obey the instant you are told to do anything, however trifling. Also learn this lesson, never to trust to a to-morrow which you may never see. You are none of you too young to do right and to avoid wrong, and if you do not begin now, perhaps you will never be able to do

so, for none of you know the time of your death. However young you may be, you must prepare to meet your God.—GEM.

THE COPY-BOOK.

BOY.

"Please, father, give it back to me!
I wish you would not look
Inside; why can you want to see
My poor old copy-book!

"You 'll find a blot on every page,
I've not the smallest doubt,
I know 't is shameful, at my age;
I tried to rub them out.

"There 's something wrong in every line,
I'm sure I could not tell
If 't was another hand than mine,
What those strange letters spell.

"Do shut the book and end my grief;
I'd burn it if I durst.
I truly think that closing leaf
Worse written than the first."

FATHER.

"Boy, there's another copy-book,
Your Father, God, has seen,
You cannot close it from His look;
Is that writ fair and clean?

"If there are blots and crooked lines
Across those pages white,
When His clear eye upon them shines,
'T will be a hateful sight.

"And you are writing every day
Upon that inner page,
How bitter it must be to say
Your heart grows worse with age!

"Oh, ask Him freely to forgive
The many faults He's seen;
You cannot hope in heaven to live
Unless you've pardoned been.

"And write your very best, my boy!
Ask Him to guide your hand;
Then every leaf will bring you joy,
When you before Him stand!"

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

49. Find these words, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."
50. Why did God destroy the world with a flood?
51. Who was the King of Israel who made two calves of gold?
52. Who "continued all night in prayer to God"?
53. What became of Judas the betrayer of our Lord?
54. Find these words, "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."
55. Who gave this promise, "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive"?
56. Where is it written, "Behold, He taketh away, who shall hinder Him"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(41.) Psa. cvii. 43. (42.) Prov. ii. 7. (43.) Jer. xiv. 10. (44.) Ezek. xxii. 9. (45.) Amos v. 4. (46.) Mark vii. 6. (47.) John viii. 56. (48.) 1 Cor. xv. 11.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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A SUDDEN ATTACK

Dr. Livingstone relates that on one occasion, when travelling in Africa, with a large escort of natives, suddenly they were alarmed by a great bellowing not far off; and before they could look about them, a whole herd of buffaloes was down upon hem, with their heads on the ground, and ir tails in the air, dashing amongst n with the utmost fury. One moment An were quietly and peacefully travelling jour

along; in another moment all was terror and confusion.

As it is travelling in Africa, so it is with the Christian journeying through this life. We are never safe from spiritual enemies. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." All may be calm and quiet now, but in a sudden a rush of temptation may come upon us. Our temper, peaceful this minute, may be ruffled into a storm the next minute. Our path of duty, easy and quiet now, may, with little warning, become troublesome and painful.

How we need to be always on our guard, watching and praying! Numerous are the wild animals in Africa, ready to drop upon the unsuspecting traveller. But we have also a "roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour." Those are the best Christians, not who are least attacked, but who are least surprised. K.

LITTLE JANE; OR, USEFUL TO OTHERS.

CHILDREN sometimes think they cannot be useful until they are men and women; but this is a mistake, for "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" God often perfects praise.

I will tell you about a little girl wh tried to be useful. Her name was Ja G—. She had attended a Sunday-scl

and profited by what she was taught there.

One day her mother overheard her talking very seriously to a neighbour's child. She asked her, "Do you ever pray?" and the child answered, "No." Jane then told her that the great God who made heaven and earth was her Father, that He gave her all things, and wanted her to be happy, but that she could not be happy unless she was good. And she added, "My teacher says we cannot be good unless we ask God to make us so." Then, taking the other child by the hand, she said, "Let us ask our Father in heaven to make us good children, shall we?" They then both knelt down, and Jane repeated a little prayer which she had been taught at school.

Her mother was much affected: she felt she was much older than those little children, and yet had never thought of asking God to make her good. But from that time she never let a day pass without imploring God, for Christ's sake, to give her the blessing of a new heart. She also regularly attends the house of God, which before she had neglected to do. So you see little Jane was made a blessing to her mother. Will you not try to be useful to others? I hope you will. P.

THE ROBBERS MISTAKEN.

An aged minister, many years ago, was journeying to a village where he was to

dispense the Word of Life according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle-rein, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, the third was a mere looker-on.

The grave and devout man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

The question startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions; we want your money." "I am a poor preacher of the Gospel," was the reply; "but what little money I have shall be given to you." A few shillings was all he had to give. "Have you not a watch?" "Yes." "Well, then, give it to us." In taking the watch from his pocket, his saddle-bags were displayed. "What have you here?" was the question again. "I cannot say that I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also." "We must have them." The preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demand made.

Instantly the preacher began to unbutton his greatcoat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking, "Will

you have my greatcoat?" "No," was the reply; "you are a generous man, and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows: "I have given you everything you asked for. I have one favour to ask of you." "What is that?" "That you kneel down and allow me to pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask Him to turn your hearts, and put you in the right way."

"I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ringleader of them. "Nor I either," said another of them. "Here, take your watch, take your money, take your saddle-bags; if we have anything to do with you, the judgment of God will overtake us." So each article was returned. That, however, did not satisfy the sainted man. He urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers knelt with him; one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life that he had done such a thing, and it should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only to Him to whom the darkness and light are equally alike; to Him whose eyelids try the children of men.

THE SURETY.

One Sunday afternoon, a big boy stood at the door of a Sunday-school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother

had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The superintendent said, "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets an example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school, Sir," said the parents; "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang his bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again; but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said, "They knew him too well." The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice, saying, "If you please, Sir, I will, Sir."

"*You*, Tom! a little boy like you! Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again, I'm to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, Sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me, never!" I think God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was graciously helping God's work as the surety. As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to the mother, "Where is your son Tom?"

"Oh! he's just gone up stairs with a great boy that he had brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

The superintendent went slowly and gently up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the big boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying, "O

Lord, make this boy, that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best boy."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and made the big bad boy to become one of the best boys in the school. And He raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and, after that, sent him to college, so that he was able to go as a missionary to the heathen.

And now what may we learn from this short story? *First.*—We are reminded of the love that we owe to the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner's Surety, who bore our sins in His own body on the tree. Did the big boy love ragged Tom for all the kindness he received from him, and would it not have been very wicked had he not loved him? Oh how much more then ought we to love Jesus, who even laid down His life for us; and how great the sin of not loving and not obeying Him! Would you have a rich, powerful, loving Friend, one always near, and very near in time of trouble? Well, Jesus is just that Friend; He is called "The Friend of sinners."

2.—Here is encouragement for the greatest sinner who desires to turn from his evil way. Do you feel that you are lost, and do you desire to be saved? Know, then, that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost; and that if you come

to Him you will be forgiven, and made both holy and happy. Read the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and you will there see how very willing the Lord is to pardon and to bless you. A dear little boy who died not long ago was heard to say, "I am a big sinner, but Jesus is a bigger Saviour."

3.—We learn from this story that ALL may do some good; that there is work for the youngest and the poorest. Ragged Tom had but one talent, and that single talent he used. He did not say, I am too young or too poor to do anything for the good of others, but he did what he could. And remember, that what we can do, it is our duty to do. Pray, then, that the Lord may not only bless you, but make you a blessing.

4.—We are here taught that there is a reward for the righteous. See how God rewarded ragged Tom,—how He raised him from his low condition,—how He honoured and blessed him. Religion has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. And so poor Tom found it, for he had a hundred fold more in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting. The Christian is one who is wise for both worlds; he is happy here, and for ever happy hereafter. Ask God to give you His Holy Spirit, that you may choose that good part which shall never be taken from you.

BEGINNING RIGHTLY.

A LITTLE girl once said, "Oh, mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't believe I shall ever be able."

"Have you really tried, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, I will be good all the day. I will be gentle and kind. I will obey my parents and teachers. I will not quarrel. I will always tell the truth. But then, mother—I don't know how it is—I do so often forget. Then, when evening comes, I have to say —There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion! I have been disobedient! and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true!"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this; so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have begun rightly."

The little girl looked up wonderingly, and her mother went on: "The first thing is to have a new heart; have you asked for this?"

"No, mother, I am afraid not."

"Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to

help you. He will give you His Holy Spirit, and you will no more find it impossible to do right."

I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God earnestly to change her heart, and help her to do right. God heard her prayer—as He always will—and she was never heard to say again, "It's of no use trying;" for she prayed, she watched, she strove hard against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

THE SPOILED FROCK.

In a house, one day, a young child was found secreted alone in a spare room. The maid, on entering, saw in the child's hand a pair of scissors, and at her feet part of a blue silk frock, which she had dropped on seeing the door open. A smouldering burning was in vain trying to blaze in the grate, and the room was full of smoke. "Oh, Smith," said the child, "don't tell what I am doing, and I will tell you. I have had an accident, and spilt a bottle of ink all over my frock, and mamma will be so angry, and I am so frightened. I am trying to burn it, and then she will never know. She told me not to touch the ink, so I have thrown the bottle through the window."

Did not this child forget that God was looking at her?

Why did she not go to her mother and honestly confess her fault?

See how apt we are to make bad worse, when we once begin to do wrong.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR US!

Even grown-up people are very ignorant of this. And persons grow old and wise in many other things, without being wiser here. How strange it is!

It is not to be wondered at, then, if *young* persons are apt to know very little what is best for them.

Look at Johnny with that black dose before him. What faces he makes! How he begs that he may not take it! How he tries to persuade his mother that he really does not want it, and will only be worse if he swallows it. Johnny would give a great deal if he could be let off; perhaps all his pocket-money. But he does not know what is best for him. He does not know that if he is let off that dose he will get very ill, and perhaps have his life in danger. It is better to take a little medicine than to lie for months on a sick-bed, and at the end lose our life.

Again, look at Robert, yonder. Listen to what he says as he yawns and throws his arms over his head: "How stupid this lesson-work is! what's the good of sticking in here, while I might be out at play,

and enjoying myself this glorious weather!"

Robert does not know that if he does not stick to his work he will grow up an ignorant and an idle boy; and that if this be so, he will be unhappy and dissatisfied all the rest of his life. He does not know what is best for him. It is good to bear the yoke in his youth.

The fact is, that we must take a good deal on trust. That is, we must believe what others say who know better than we, and not trust to our own feelings, which are very apt to mislead us. Let a boy or a girl seek wisdom from God's Word and from judicious friends, and in spite of their own inclinations act according to this, and they will not have reason hereafter to regret it.

God knows better than we do what is best for us; so it is wise to do as He tells us.

Once upon a time there was a sailor who was wrecked in the middle of the ocean. He was the only one saved, and he managed with difficulty to escape to a little island. It was cold and windy, and, in order to keep himself warm, and to cook some fish that he caught, he rubbed some pieces of wood together, and tried to make himself a fire. However, the wood was wet, and would not burn. He could get no flame to cook or to warm himself, but only smoke. Sad and disappointed, he gave himself over to despair, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he was surprised by a strange sight near him. He looked on the sea, and there was a ship. How his spirits revived! Now he was saved! But what had brought the ship to him? The smoke! If he had succeeded in getting a flame, he would have had warmth and cooked fish, but no ship to save his life and to take him home. How little he thought that smoke would be better than flame!

So often do we little know what is best for us. O.

THINKING OURSELVES OVER.

"MOTHER, what is self-examination?" asked a child; "our superintendent said something about it, and he told us all to

spend a little while every Sabbath practising it—practising *what*, mother?"

"Self-examination is *thinking ourselves over*," answered the mother. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

"*How* must I do, mother?" asked Mary; "tell me how to *begin*." Her mother said,—

"You may first think over *your conduct towards your parents*. Have they had reason to find fault with you during the week; if so, what for? Have you disobeyed them, or disputed with them, or been sullen or ill-humoured towards them? Have you made them glad by your kindness, and your faithful and ready compliance with their wishes?

"Then think of *your duties to your brothers and sisters and little friends*. Ask yourself what has been your deportment towards them. How many have you made happier the last week? How many have you made unhappy? Have you spoken cross words to them? Have you been angry or ill-natured? Have you deceived them? What hard thoughts have you cherished in your heart towards them?"

"Oh, mother, it would take me a great while to think all that over, and I'm afraid,"

said the little girl, looking down—"I'm afraid it would not always please me. What next must I think of, mother?"

"*Faithfulness in your business.*" "Business!" said Mary, smiling; "papa has business; little girls haven't." "Oh yes," said her mother, "any work which you have to do is your business; dusting the parlour, taking care of the baby, your studies at school; these are your employments, in which you ought to be diligent and faithful. Have you been? Do you never *play* in school? Do you thoroughly learn your lessons? Do you mind what the teacher says? Carefully think over whether your conduct is in all respects what a Christian child's should be."

"I know a verse about business," said Mary; "the Bible tells us 'to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' That means, we must mind God in it; doesn't it? What more is there to think over, mother?"

"*Secret faults*," answered she. "Have you cherished any wrong feelings in your heart? Have you had secret thoughts which you would be sorry to have exposed? Any envy of others—any pride? Have you harboured unkindness? Have you been selfish? Have you forgotten God? Have you neglected to praise Him and to pray to Him? Go over all this ground thoroughly, and confess your faults, and ask your Saviour to make your heart

clean, and help you to love only what is lovely."

"But aunt Jane says there's no need of children's thinking," said Mary. "Without thinking," said Mary's mother, "there can be no improvement. Thoughtlessness is the besetting fault of youth. It is this which makes them giddy, foolish, and vain, and blinds them to their own defects."

Mary sat still for some time, looking out of the window. Then she came, and, putting her arms around her mother's neck, sweetly said, "Dear mother, I will try to be one of yours and God's good children."

To "think ourselves over" in this way is a very proper exercise for the Sabbath. Holy time is apt to seem long sometimes, because people do not know exactly how to spend it to the best account. Assign this duty a place somewhere; and if heartily and thoroughly taken up, it will be one of the greatest means of self-improvement. But, while it is a *Sabbath* duty, is it not a week-day duty also? Every night, children, before you go to bed, and before you are too sleepy to remember, try and recall yourself for the day. Think what you have done right, and thank God for it. Think of the ways in which you have done wrong, and in which, if you are not careful, you will surely do wrong again. Name them in plain words in your prayers, and say, "Help me, O Lord," (in such a thing) "that I may not again sin against Thee."

THE FARMER'S PARROT.

ONE beautiful spring, a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of his largest fields in corn. But the neighbouring crows, not having the fear of law in their hearts, and being anything but teetotallers, found their way to the farmer's corn-field, and departed frequently *corned*. The farmer, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or *foul* means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame, it was allowed its freedom, to come and go at pleasure. Strolling around, some time after the farmer's declaration of war against birds in general, and crows in particular, whom should it see but a number of those bold black robbers, engaged industriously in the farmer-like occupation of *raising* corn. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged with them in what I suppose was quite an interesting conversation on the many advantages of a country over a city life. Their friendly talk might have been quite prolonged, had not a passing wind

wafted it to the ears of the farmer, who was leisurely smoking his pipe by the cozy fireside.

Up started he, breaking in his hurry the "pipe of peace"—a bad omen for the crows—and with his gun he sallied forth. Reaching his corn-field at length, he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

As the farmer advanced to see what execution he had made, the unwounded crows arose in the air, loudly pleading their *cause* as they departed. On looking among the murdered crows, great was his surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled, and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

The parrot did not reply — probably because it did not know exactly what to say; but it looked very solemn, which answered just as well. On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed—

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I

fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the corn-field; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company—bad company."—*Little Pilgrim.*

THE LIFE-BOAT.

A LIFE-BOAT is intended to save or rescue shipwrecked persons from a watery grave. Thousands have been saved by them, who otherwise would have perished in mid-ocean.

It is a dreadful thing, dear young friends, to be shipwrecked far from the sight of land, with none near to help or rescue; the storm and tempest raging violently; the wind howling mournfully; the waves tossing themselves mountain high; and the frail vessel sinking lower and lower into the dark depths of the sea. The only hope that remains for the perishing is in a frail life-boat, apparently unable to weather the storm or ride the waves. But to that life-boat every eye is turned; to it all rush for safety; on it every hope is centered.

The precious Gospel, the plan of salvation, dear young friends, has been compared to a life-boat; and we desire now to explain to you how or in what way it resembles one.

We were a race of lost, undone, and perishing sinners. No plan that we could desire, no power that we possessed, could save us from impending death. We were fast drifting to that vast ocean of eternity. Every fond hope that we had indulged in proved deceptive. One plank after another that we had clung to was swept away, and we were ready to perish. The storm of divine wrath was beating upon our defenceless heads; the heavens were black above us, and the terrible gulf yawned wide open to swallow us. No friendly hand seemed near to help; no arm seemed able to rescue. Swift, certain, and sure destruction was just before us. The loss of both soul and body made our situation the more awful and terrible. We were about to suffer a *double* shipwreck; one for time, and one for eternity! We were about to find, not a watery, but a fiery grave!

What now? A life-boat! A life-boat! God devised a plan to save us. He sent his Son to our rescue. He came to redeem both soul and body. Salvation through Jesus Christ is placed within the reach of all; is offered to every perishing, shipwrecked soul. The cross of Calvary by "faith's uplifted eye" can be seen by all.

The wise of this world may refuse to be saved thus. They may refuse to venture upon a plan they consider "foolishness;" but it is God's *only* life-boat; and, blessed be His name, it is all sufficient. Millions have been rescued from destruction by it, and were long since landed safe beyond the reach of storm or tempest; and millions more are now placing all their hopes upon it; and so long as they continue to do so, they are safe, and safe for ever!

But we must tell you something more about the sailor's life-boat; and in this case it does not resemble the life-boat of salvation. Seldom, if ever, can the mariner's life-boat save all the passengers and crew. Some, in almost every case, must be left behind, not of their own choice, but from necessity. Oh, what a sad picture does this bring to view! Some safe, but others clinging to spars and planks, or sinking with the fated ship. Ah, well do we remember a sad illustration of this, as related by a shipwrecked sailor. The life-boat was filled; she could carry no more; and yet she was surrounded by the perishing, who clung with a death-grip to the sides, until it was about to sink itself. The captain ordered the sailors to keep others off, but it was impossible. He directed his men to loosen the hands of those who were clinging to the sides, but they held on for life! He then ordered the sailors to take their knives and cut off their

hands. It was a sad duty, but necessity seemed to require it; and then, one after another, with bleeding arms and looks of despair, they sunk even beside the life-boat!

But, Oh, how different with God's life-boat! In it there is room for all. All are invited and urged to enter, even those who despise the plan and reject the offer of mercy; who prefer clinging to the wreck, or devising plans of their own, which can never keep them from the paths of perdition.

Where are you, young friends? Are you still floating about this tempestuous ocean, thoughtless or careless of your danger? Or, are you safe, sheltered from the storm beneath the cross of Calvary, with your eye fixed on the port of peace?

"YET THERE IS ROOM."

Come, children, to the Gospel feast,
  Oh come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
  For all who will obey.

There's room in God's eternal love,
  To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above,
  To heal and make thee whole.

There's room within the church, redeemed
  With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng convened
  For that dear soul of thine.

There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms and victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
Oh come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

57. Where does David say that he had been taught by God from his youth up?

58. Who is "better than the man that taketh a city"?

59. What city was threatened to be "swept with the besom of destruction"?

60. Where are we told that "Christ pleased not Himself"?

61. Where are we commanded to "do all things without murmurings and disputings"?

62. Where is God said to be "a stronghold in the day of trouble"?

63. Who "as a king gave unto a king," and what is meant by it?

64. How was it that Joseph, who died in Egypt, was buried in the promised land?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(49.) Isa. xxx. 15. (50.) Gen. vi. 56, 57. (51.) 1 Kings xii. 25—28. (52.) Luke vi. 11, 12. (53.) Matt. xxvii. 3—5. (54.) Psa. cxxxix. 4. (55.) Matt. xxi. 22. (56.) Job ix. 12.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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LOST IN THE BUSH.

IN Australia it is not as it is in England, where you may walk a long distance, from one part of the country to another, and not lose yourself. In some parts of Australia, if you go out of the beaten track, you are soon in wild woods (or "the bush," as it called) where it is easy to lose your way and get into great danger.

Some time ago there lived, in the service of a farmer, in Australia, a servant

girl. She went out one Sunday evening and was never seen again. Search was made for her, but she could not be found. It was supposed that by some means she had lost her way in "the bush." What led her out I don't know. Perhaps it was what leads so many silly young girls to go out on Sunday evenings, a love of seeing and of being seen. If so, she was severely punished for her vanity. It is best to stay quietly at home on Sunday evenings.

It turned out long afterwards that she had indeed been lost in the bush. And a melancholy story it is. A man passing through the woods saw some bones, which looked as if they belonged to a human being. On further search he found more pieces of a human skeleton, which appeared to have been dragged about by wild dogs when tearing the body to pieces. A little further off some pieces of her clothing were found, and her bonnet, which had evidently been crushed up to serve as a pillow.

And, last of all, the man found her hymn-book, in one of the blank pages of which was written, "*God have mercy upon me, and keep poor father from drinking.*"

This poor girl evidently knew something of religion. She carried a hymn-book about with her. Perhaps she had been to some place of public worship that very morning. How little she thought that would be her last attendance! How dif-

ferently we should all pray and sing if we knew that it was going to be our last prayer and our last hymn!

This poor girl had a father, and a drunken father. Alas! how many poor children have drunken parents! How thankful you should be if you have godly and Christian parents, who are careful about your good!

Then this poor girl was anxious about her father, and prayed for him. It was the best thing she could do. Perhaps she knew what a miserably unhappy home he made by his drunkenness. I wonder if he ever heard of his poor daughter's death, and her last prayer for him; and whether it caused him to change his life?

Lastly, this poor girl was suddenly taken, when she was little aware of her nearness to death. How little she thought on that Sunday morning that it would be the last happy morning on which she would rise—that the next morning would be spent in fear, in thirst, in hunger, with death staring her in the face. And yet, if she were only ready to go to heaven, if she had only made a friend of Jesus, she need not fear.

Oh, dear children, never fear sudden death if your souls are safe in Christ. To you, then, sudden death will be sudden glory. The great thing, therefore, is to be safe in Christ. For you never know how soon or how suddenly you may die.

K.

HOME.

HOME! home! Oh, how one's heart thrills with joy when one talks of going *home*, after a long, long absence from it. I think *home* should be the happiest spot on earth, and that peace and harmony, like twin sisters, should dwell there, and pervade every breast of its little circle. Yes, it ought so to be. But I do not forget that there are such places as *unhappy* homes, from whence kindness and love seem to be almost shut out, and quarrelling and selfishness indulged in instead.

What say you, little readers? Are you doing all in your power to make your homes happy? Does it seem easier and *more pleasant* to you, perhaps, to have your own way in everything? Is it tiresome to have to yield to the wishes of your brothers and sisters when they ask you to do something which may not give equal pleasure to yourselves?

Do you remember the home where Jesus loved to visit? I do not think He would have cared to go there so often, nor do I think He would have liked that dear family in Bethany so well, if love—ay, the love of Christ, like a sun, had not shone in their happy dwelling. Jesus, the centre of their love, delighted to honour it with His presence. Wherever a home is graced by the presence of Jesus, happiness must live there too.

'Tis true you cannot have Christ *in person* sitting at your table, nor with you, as with Martha and Mary, round your fireside; but, dear children, you can have Him reigning in your hearts, and oh, say, would you not like that? Then ask Him to take away that naughty heart which makes you to do so many sinful and unkind actions. Ask Him to give you a heart in which He will love to dwell by His Holy Spirit; and then love, joy, peace, and every sweet grace will grow there too, and your little heart will be a *happy home*, and Jesus will be its inmate. And when you shall have quitted this earth, with all its pleasures and sorrows, Jerusalem above, that land of peace and glory, where sin cannot enter, will be your own sweet Home for ever. May God give you all grace to make ready for it, for the Saviour's sake!

M. J.

A PARENT'S ARMS.

It is natural for children to love to be in a parent's arms; they feel so safe and happy there. So also, in hours of sickness and pain, what relief seems to be afforded the little sufferer when the aching head can lean upon the mother's bosom and feel her arms gently entwined around them!

But, children, this favoured privilege cannot always be yours. You are daily growing older, and must mingle more with

the world. Your *little* disappointments must give way to *greater* ones. Your *light* sorrows for those that are more *weighty*. Your *supposed* dangers for those that are *real*. And, instead of being sad and weary once in a great while, you will feel so much oftener and far more sensibly.

How do you intend to do then, children? To whom will you go for sympathy? Whose arms will you rest upon when you so greatly need support? It is high time to think about this, for you know not what moment you may be left helpless, and perhaps uncared for, in the midst of a cold and selfish world.

We desire to tell you of One who stands ready to take you up even this very moment, and who is willing to keep you safe in His arms, no matter how old you become. It is "your Heavenly Father." Ah, children, no one has "*an arm like God*," and His arm is revealed, that is, stretched out, and made known to all who put their trust in Him.

Just think of these sweet words from the Bible—"*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath* ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS." Oh how delightful to rest upon the arms of Jehovah; to feel His arms under us, and find them bearing or lifting us up above all our troubles and sorrows, our trials and afflictions, and supporting us when we feel almost ready to sink and give up in despair.

Come then, dear young friends, and find a resting-place here. Religion is designed for this world as well as for the next. It is to teach you how to live *here*, as well as how to secure happiness hereafter; and it has a thousand promises suited to every adverse and trying situation. And then if you live resting upon the arms of God, depend upon it He will not cast you off when you come to die. Ah, no! you can lean your head upon His breast, and "breathe your life out sweetly there." So that, living or dying, you will be the Lord's.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

THE YOUNG GARDENER.

"Oh, what little seeds!" said Bessie, as she took a handful out of her basket and scattered them on the ground; "they look almost as fine as dust! can it be that plants grow up from such little things as these?"

"Of course they do," said Master Edward, as he came along with a wheelbarrow full of rich, soft loam; my flower-bed is full of them; and when I have covered them up with this earth, they will begin to sprout, and at last grow up nearly as big as my head."

"Yes, Neddie," said little David, "you

give them something to eat out of your wheelbarrow, and I will give them something to drink out of my water-pot, and they will grow up just as we do, Bessie."

"Do you know, children," said the old gardener, who was transplanting some choice slips near by, "that you are sowing just such little seeds all the time, and that they will grow up to be great plants after a while?"

"Why, no," said the children.

"But you are," he responded; "you are sowing flower seeds, weed seeds, tree seeds, and shrub seeds, all the time.

"Your garden is the world. When your companions and playmates come to you for assistance and instruction about their plays or studies, and you at once do all you can to make them happy, you are planting the little seeds of kindness and love. When you do any unintentional mischief at home or at school, and frankly confess it, without any wicked attempt at concealment, you are planting the precious seeds of truth. When you bring your money to the contribution-box, or give part of your food and clothing to some half-starved and suffering child, you are planting the seeds of generosity and mercy.

"When you kneel down at night or rise up in the morning to pray to our Father in heaven, and when during all the day you seek to walk in the love of Christ, and to [illegible], for His sake, what He would have you

to do, you are planting the seeds of holiness.

"And these seeds will all grow up into the most beautiful flowers and delicious fruits in after life,—ay, and throughout eternity."

"But what are the weeds?" said Bessie.

"Ah! when you are impatient, when you are out of temper, when you speak unkindly to your companions, when you obey your parents with pouting lips and an unwilling mind, when you forget your prayers, and neglect your week-day or Sabbath lesson, when you try to deceive your teachers, when you indulge in pride, anger, and selfishness, when you say, do, or desire anything wrong—then you are planting the seeds of noxious weeds, Bessie, and a sad effect do they have upon our after lives, and upon our eternity."

"Then I will never plant any," said Bessie.

"Ah, my dear, I fear they are already planted. The heart is full of the seeds of all evil. But God has said, 'A *new* heart will I give you.' Cry to Him to fulfil to you that precious promise, and He will do it. 'They that seek me early shall find Me.'"—*Christian Treasury*.

BETHLEHEM.

I DARESAY, my dear children, you would like to know something about Bethlehem,

the birthplace of our Lord, and if you will pay attention I will tell you a little about it. It lies six miles to the south of Jerusalem, and stands on the slope of a hill composed of white stone.

The first mention of this city in Scripture is in Genesis xxxv. 16—20. If you will take your Bibles and read these verses, you will find it was the burial-place of Rachel, the wife of Jacob.

I suppose you have all read the beautiful story of the devotion of Ruth to her widowed mother. It was in Bethlehem that this took place. And it was there also that David kept his father's sheep, and defended them from the lion and the bear.

God put especial honour on this place in making it the birthplace of His dear Son, whom He gave to take away the sins of the world.

But it is much altered now from what it was then. At this time it was a flourishing city, but now it is only a poor village. The inhabitants live by making models of the holy sepulchre, and crucifixes of wood and pearl. There is a church built ove the place where our Saviour was born, and the precise spot is shown by a circle of marble and mosaic work. Although hundreds of years have passed away since that greatest of all events happened, the plains, the rocks, and the valleys remain the same as when the glory of God shone about them, and

the shepherds heard the song of the heavenly hosts, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men." MINNIE.

SELF-CONTROL.

LEARN to control your passions; you little know what harm they may do you.

Two little boys were playing together in a room, their names were James and Henry. James, by accident, struck his brother with a ball. Henry, without thinking how unjustly he was acting, struck him in return. James uttered not one word of reproach: but was Henry's conscience at rest? Oh no.

These two boys grew to manhood. One day James said something, unintentionally, which irritated his brother so much, that he struck him a blow on the eye. It was so violent, that it was doubtful whether he would ever recover the use of it. Oh! what was the remorse of Henry! How bitterly did he say, "Oh that I had early learnt to control my passions!"

What did Jesus Christ say when He was upon the cross, suffering the most dreadful pain? Instead of being angry with His persecutors, He lifted His eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, forgive them."

M. E. C.

CHINESE TEMPLE.

ABOVE you see a picture of a Chinese temple.

The Chinese have a religion, a very old religion; but one very foolish and idolatrous. They spend a great deal of money upon their religious buildings, and upon their worship, but they are none the better for it. Thousands of priests are constantly performing all sorts of rites and ceremonies in the temples, but they do more harm to the poor people than good.

See how beautifully this temple is adorned. See what a number of people are standing about it. See how many idols there are near the temple. Some of them are very large and very ugly.

Hitherto it has been almost impossible to teach the Chinese of Jesus and the Bible

because they would not allow us to come into their country. But now they have opened their ports to our ships, and we may travel in their land. And good people in England are printing Chinese Bibles, and are sending missionaries to teach the people.

They say that it is only the chiefs and great persons who dislike us; but that the poorer people will be very glad to see us, and very glad to be taught.

Oh! will you not do what you can to help the missionaries? Will you not pray that God will support them and give them much success? What a glorious thing it would be if China were to begin to turn to the Lord! K.

THE WAYS OF DECEIT.

"My dear Miss Manners," said Mrs. Corte to a young lady, who, with some other friends, was drinking tea at her house—"my dear Miss Manners, I gave you the book which Mr. T—— sent for you; did I not?"

"The book, no; what book?" inquired Miss Manners.

"Well, Mr. T—— sent one some time ago for you to read. Did you not receive it?"

"No, certainly, *I* never received it," said Miss Manners, "or I should have written a note to thank Mr. T—— for his kindness."

"Well, I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Corte, "I suppose I must have mislaid it, and forgotten to give it to you, but I certainly was under the impression that I had done so. I will see about it to-morrow."

While this conversation was going forward, Mrs. Corte might have seen, if she had looked at her little daughter Helen, that her face flushed crimson; for Helen remembered, when she heard it spoken of, that the book had been given to her to deliver to Miss Manners; and that she had laid it in her drawer and forgotten all about it. But she said to herself, "I cannot tell them so now that all these people are here, or they will all think me so careless and stupid. I will wait, for Miss Manners would be so horribly cross if I told her that it was my fault."

Still Helen did not feel quite comfortable, and the recollection made her rather grave and silent for the rest of the evening. However, no one noticed her, and when she went up stairs she began to think over plans for getting out of the scrape. Suddenly the thought struck her, "I might go into Miss Manners' house, which is only next door, some day when I know she is out, and put the book in some out-of-the-way corner, where she would find it some day, and wonder how it came. She would think that she had brought it herself, and forgotten about it afterwards."

It seemed to Helen a brilliant idea, and

she had determined to act upon it: but do you think, young reader, that she was happy in the thought? No, when she had undressed she knelt down to say her prayers, and, as she had always been taught to do by her dear kind mother, she began to think over what she had done wrong during the day. The scene at tea-time flashed across her memory, and conscience whispered, "Was it open and truthful to sit there, never saying that you had got the book when you heard it spoken of? You know that it was not, and how do you mean to amend your conduct? By putting that book secretly in Miss Manners' room, so that she shall not know how it came there? Will that be open and honourable conduct?" The answer came again plainly, "No."

"Then what must I do?" thought Helen. "What other plan is there?" "Confess your carelessness at once to your mother, and ask her to forgive you," said conscience.

"But now, after I have allowed them to talk about it, how can I do that? I *dare* not, after all that mamma has often said to me about truthfulness. She will be so disappointed in me." "And shall you make your fault any better by *not* confessing it? Depend upon it, that is the only *straightforward* way, and the only way to make you happy." "I will do it, come what may."

Helen's mind was made up. She prayed *earnestly* to God for forgiveness of her sin,

and for His grace to enable her to keep her resolution, and then she got into bed with a lighter heart. When she arose the next morning the thought of what she had to do was uppermost in her mind; and when she was dressed, she offered up her morning prayer, adding a special petition for God's help to enable her to resist temptation, and, taking the book, went straight to her mother's room.

Then, without giving herself time for wavering, she confessed her carelessness to her mother, telling her how she had not dared to speak before the company the night before, and how she had been tempted to convey the book secretly to Miss Manners. Her mother said:—

"*Never* be afraid to speak the truth, my child, before anybody. That was cowardly of you, for then Miss Manners would only have looked upon you as a thoughtless child; now she may well think of you as a deceitful one, and will not like to trust you again. But what *she* thinks is not of half such consequence as what God thinks, and, whether we found it out or not, He would know whether you were acting uprightly. If you had not departed from truth in the first instance, Satan would not have tempted you, in the second, so remember that the only way to keep right is to keep to the strict line of *truth in all things.*"

TOM, THE ORPHAN BOY.

"So you are really going, Tom? I hoped you would have thought better of it."

"No, uncle," said the boy sorrowfully, but firmly; "I promised my mother on her dying bed that I wouldn't break the Sabbath, nor do what I felt was wrong. And I will keep that promise, if I starve through it."

"My poor boy, it is no use trying to persuade you to turn back, I know; but it is very hard to be turned adrift on the world so early." And the uncle covered his face with his hand.

"It is no harder for me than for a thousand others," answered Tom, cheerfully. "Only don't you fret about me; I shall do very well, and when I have made my fortune, I'll come back, and see you all again."

These rather boastful words were heard by some one who was not meant to hear them. This was Tom's late master, who was passing by. They made him very angry, for it seemed as if the boy cared nothing for the loss of his place. And he knew, though he would not own it, that he had done very wrong in dismissing a poor friendless boy from his service because he refused to work on Sundays; and, as is often the case, the consciousness of having injured him made him dislike him. So it was in a sharp, contemptuous tone that he said, "Come back when you have made your fortune, indeed! You are much more

likely to come back to the workhouse, I can tell you."

The boy's cheek flushed, and his lip quivered, as he was taunted thus by the man who had made him homeless.

"Take care, Mr. Grimes," exclaimed he, "that you don't go there yourself in the end."

"Hush, hush, Tom," whispered his uncle, "what would your teacher say if he heard you?"

Tom cooled down directly at the thought of his teacher. "I am sorry," said he, "if I spoke hastily, and I don't bear any ill-will to you, sir; but you *know* that I am an honest, hard-working lad, that would be ashamed to be beholden to anybody while I have a finger to help myself with. But, Sir, I am going away directly, so you will surely listen to me; you will never prosper in the long run without God's blessing, and that cannot be yours if you break His commandments, and try to make others break them too."

Mr. Grimes walked away before the close of Tom's speech, and took no notice of it; perhaps he heard it, and did not choose to attend to it. Such was the parting between Tom and his master. The parting between Tom and his uncle was far more touching, for his uncle was very fond of him, and would gladly have provided for him, but he had a sick wife and many young children,

and times were hard; so he was obliged to let him go, and trust him to God's care.

With a sad but brave heart, Tom went his way, went to battle with life's trials in his boyhood, and to earn among strangers the bread denied him at home. But he took with him a clear conscience and a simple faith, which made the promise to Jacob his own. "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Was not the orphan boy more to be envied than Mr. Grimes?

Years rolled away, and Tom was almost forgotten in his native village, except by his uncle. It was said that he was gone to Australia, and was doing very well there, and that was as much as any one knew about him. But one day he came back, and brought with him—a fortune! Yes, Tom was now a rich man, but, far better than that, he still kept fast his faith in God, and was more than ever devoted to His service. God had greatly blessed the orphan boy. Tom had found how true these words are:—"Them that honour me I will honour." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

But what had become of Tom's master? He had lost his business, credit, and health; and was now, in his old age, an inmate of the very workhouse with which he had once threatened the friendless Tom!

What do you think Tom did? He took

him out of the workhouse, and saw that he did not want for anything as long as he lived. Was not this heaping coals of fire on the old man's head?—Rom. xii. 20, 21.

THE CHILD AND HER BIBLE.

THERE was once a poor, forlorn, forsaken child, whose parents were Roman Catholics. By some means she was led to attend a Protestant Sunday-school, where she found God's grace, which took possession of her heart, and made her a true Christian.

At this school she also became possessed of a Bible. Oh, how she loved her Bible! Oh, how she treasured it up!

She was obliged to take great care of her Bible, lest it should be taken away from her. She was obliged to make a hole in the garden and to hide it there. This was not because other people valued it so much, and therefore wished to have it themselves. Oh, no! It was because her parents, who were Roman Catholics, had been taught to hate the Bible, and they wished to take it from their child in order to burn it. How sad!

Well, things did not stop here. The Bible was not burnt, nor taken away. Much better things happened. By some wonderful means, which God alone could have contrived, this dear child and the Bible were the cause of the conversion of both the parents! No longer did the child

need to hide the book; no longer did the parents hate it; they all read it and loved it together, and fed on its sacred pages.

See what God can do! See what a holy, praying, Bible-reading child may do! Any child who will put himself or herself into God's hands to do great things for Him, will find what wonders God will do by them. O.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"MAMMA," said Lizzy, after she was undressed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"What have they done?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from your cupboard," said the little girl.

"Did nobody tell them to do it?" asked mamma. Lizzy looked down.

"I did not *hear* anybody tell them," she answered softly.

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"They put them in my mouth," answered Lizzy.

"Were you not to blame to take them?" asked mamma; "your fingers had no right to them, you know."

"They gave them to me," said the little girl.

"But the Bible says, If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. Must we cut any part of this little hand off?" asked mamma.

"What is offend?" asked the child.

"Making you do wrong," said mamma.

"But it was only one finger and one thumb," said Lizzy.

"They are two little thieves, then, for they took what did not belong to them. They can no longer be trusted; we must shut them up," said mamma.

Lizzy looked very sorry, while her mother found some black cloth and wound round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy. She went to bed, and arose in the morning with them still shut up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh no," said mamma; "we have no proof they are sorry yet, therefore it is not safe to trust them: they may directly go into the cupboard again."

"I think they are very sorry," said Lizzy, in a pitiful tone.

"But they have not said so," said mamma.

Lizzy went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. How she held her spoon I cannot tell. I do not think she ate much, for she looked unhappy.

By and by the little girl came to her mamma, with tears rolling down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "it was *I* made my fingers naughty—I—naughty I. I'm to blame."

GOD COUNTS.

A BROTHER and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out.

"How nice they look!" said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and, sitting down, seemed to meditate; "You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful yet serious air, "God does count. For the Bible says, that 'the hairs of our head are all numbered.'"

LOOK TO JESUS.

CHILDREN, you have gone astray,
Far from God, and peace, and heaven;
Would you leave that dangerous way?
Would you have your sins forgiven?
Christ can all your sins forgive;
Look to Jesus, look, and live.

Children, you have sinful hearts;
Jesus Christ can make you whole;
He can cleanse your inward parts,
Sanctify and save your soul.
Jesus a new heart can give;
Look to Jesus, look, and live.

Children, you may shortly die;
Jesus died your souls to save;
If you to the Saviour fly,
You shall live beyond the grave.
Life eternal He will give,
Look to Jesus, look, and live.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

65. Who is the brother of him "who is slothful in his work" ?

66. Who was commanded by God for "labour and patience" ?

67. Who is it that must "direct our hearts into the love of God" ?

68. To whom did Jesus say, "My kingdom is not of this world" ?

69. What country is spoken of as being "exceeding proud" ?

70. What lesson may be learnt from the stork, the turtle, the crane, and the swallow ?

71. Where is God said to be a "sun and a shield" ?

72. Who is said to have "rightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation" ?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(57.) Psa. lxx. 17. (58.) Prov. xvi. 32. (59.) Isa. xiv. 22. (60.) Rom. xv. 3. (61.) Phil. ii. 14. (62.) Nahum i. 7. (63.) 2 Sam. xxiv. 23. (64.) Exod. xiii. 19.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Within a short walk from one of the midland centres of commerce, is situated a

pretty village, containing but few inhabitants. A broad and flowing river wends its way majestically through the adjoining fields, which are in consequence clothed with unusual verdure from the moisture imparted to them by the stream. The village church raises its spire among the towering chestnut trees which surround it, and give it an air of retirement and solemnity well suited to its sacred character. Adjoining this peaceful churchyard stands a cottage, which attracts the attention of the passer by. The fragrant honeysuckle and jessamine entwine their branches over the trellised porch, and upon the white-washed walls. The neat hedge and wicket inclose a garden gay with bright flowers, and evidently tended with a careful hand.

There lives a poor woman, whose husband was accidentally killed by a fall from the harvest waggon, leaving his widow with four young children to mourn his untimely end. The eldest, William, was a strong, healthy boy of eleven years of age; he materially assisted his mother by working for a farmer in the neighbourhood. The other children went to the village school, and helped their mother after their return home.

During the summer months some wicked boys used to hire a pleasure boat, and took trips in it on the Sunday afternoon. They generally invited William to accompany them, but he hitherto, obedient to

the commands of his mother, had been enabled to withstand the temptation.

Easter Sunday was fast approaching, when these Sabbath-breaking boys intended making a longer excursion than usual, if the weather was fair. The sun arose in unclouded brilliancy, the boys were in excellent spirits. William also felt a longing to join them, but he endeavoured to conquer it, and succeeded, till after his return from church, when it returned with renewed vigour. When the giddy youngsters came as usual to intreat him to make one of the party, he soon consented, though not without some whispers of conscience, for he had been carefully taught to keep holy the Sabbath-day. After sailing a short distance on the water, he began to enjoy it, and eagerly joined the other boys in their boisterous merriment. When they had almost reached their destination, the sky became covered with thick clouds, and everything portended a storm. The boys now began to be frightened, especially William, who was unaccustomed to sailing; and, as they were but poor pilots, the boat seemed in great danger of sinking. William now saw the evil of disobedience, and inwardly resolved, if preserved from this peril to see his dear mother once more, to obey her implicitly for the time to come. After being tossed about for some time, they

saw another boat coming to rescue them, which with difficulty was done.

The poor woman was overjoyed to see her son safe and well, for she had been in great trouble and sorrow about him, because of his sin in breaking the Sabbath-day. William besought pardon of his mother with tears in his eyes, and also of his Heavenly Father, whose wise commands he had disregarded. His mother affectionately warned him of the danger for the time to come, and William assured her that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, he would endeavour to observe that sacred day of rest in a useful and profitable manner. Many of his evil companions also followed his example, and, instead of causing pain and sorrow to their kind parents by their wicked behaviour, became the comfort and joy of their declining years. It was truly a delightful sight to see these aged parents and their children wending their way to the peaceful village church, to offer up prayers and thanksgivings to their Heavenly Father and Almighty Friend.

AGNES.

LITTLE TOMMY.

WHAT a blessing Scriptural education is! Not that it alone can convert the soul, but how very often the Holy Spirit takes it home to the hearts of the little ones, mak-

ing it to them a savour of life. A few years ago, a little boy called Tommy, although a Roman Catholic, commenced to attend a Scriptural school in the North of Ireland; for three years he continued an attentive pupil there, with occasional interruptions which he could not avoid. But at length the priest succeeded in preventing his ever again entering the school. The poor little fellow was greatly grieved at this, and whenever he happened to meet the minister on the road, he would lament over it, and say, "Ah! Sir, it is not my fault, and I was so fond of the mistress," meaning the minister's wife. Time passed on, and at length little Tommy was laid on a sick bed, from which he never arose; he was suddenly seized with scarlatina on a Saturday, and was so ill as to be quite insensible all day; during that time his parents sent for the priest, and had him anointed. Little Tommy continued insensible until the morning, when he again became conscious, and spent his last Sabbath on earth repeating over and over again the beautiful little hymn which he had learned at the Scriptural school:—

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

He dwelt particularly on the 1st and 2nd verses. On the following morning he died. May we not hope that the Holy Spirit had indeed taken of the things of Jesus, and shown them unto this little boy; and that, when his eyes closed in death, he found himself for ever with Him to whom he had just before been saying, "O Lamb of God, I come?"

DOING AND UNDOING.

MARY, did you kill that fly?

Yes, mamma, dear; why shouldn't I? It was plaguing me.

Are *your* troubles the only things to be thought of in a matter of life and death? Is not this selfish?

But a fly is such a useless creature, mamma.

Are you quite sure of that, my daughter?

Has not God made it for some use, though *you* don't know it? And if all useless creatures were to be put to death, what would become of *you?* Should you have much chance of a long life?

Mary smiled, and then looked grave. Her own *uselessness* had not occurred to her as a reason for her being put to death. Yet she felt that she was nearly as useless as the fly; and sometimes, too, a greater troubler of others.

But besides, daughter mine, said her mother, have you ever thought seriously what you did?

Yes, mamma, I only killed a fly. That was no great matter, and it was very easily done.

Well now, since you have done a bad thing, will you try to do a good thing with this fly?

What do you mean, mamma? Shall I go and bury it and set up a tombstone over it, and be kind to its children, since I have robbed them of a parent?

No, my child, I merely want you to undo what you have done.

Undo it, mamma; what do you mean?

Restore the fly to life again, of course, Mary. This is what I mean.

Oh, mamma!

Why, did not you tell me that it was so easy to *kill* the fly? Surely, then, it cannot be very difficult to bring it back to life again, poor thing!

Oh, mamma, you know I can't do that. Not even you; not even Professor ——, who knows more about flies than all of us, can do that.

Why, then, did you kill it? Why did you *do* a thing which you can't *undo?* You can take away life; but you can't give it back again. God only can do that. Is not that a solemn thing for you to think upon?

Beware of doing what you can't undo.

MURDER DETECTED BY A FROLIC.

A VESSEL, with many passengers on board, set sail from —— to ——. In the course of the voyage, the sailors, as a frolic, put a man in irons whilst he lay asleep, and diverted themselves at his expense till they approached the capital. They then thought that they had carried the joke far enough; but, on proceeding to loose the irons, the key could not be found. After a long and fruitless search, they sent for a blacksmith to undo the fetters. When the blacksmith came, he, doubting the prisoner's innocence, refused to act without an order from the magistrate. The magistrate, having been applied to, sent one of his officials to examine into the case, who said it was much too serious a matter for him to determine—that his Worship must decide. They thereupon

set off in a body to the magistrate's house, accompanied by the man in irons. So strange a procession attracted great notice, and a crowd soon assembled, every one curious to catch a sight of the prisoner, and to know what was his offence. Suddenly, one of the spectators sprang forward, seized the captive by the throat, and exclaimed, "Here is the villain I have been looking for these two years, ever since he robbed and murdered my poor brother!" Nor would he quit his hold till they came before the magistrate. Subsequently, the murder having been clearly proved, the man who had been fettered in sport became, in sad earnest, a prisoner of justice, was found guilty, condemned to death, and actually executed for his crime, which, in a manner so extraordinary, was thus brought to light.

"*Be sure your sin will find you out.*"

A BAD MEMORY.

MARY and her mother went to church one Sunday morning. After they had returned home, and were sitting at dinner, her mother said to her, "Mary, can you remember the text which the minister preached upon to-day?"

"Let me see," said Mary, hesitating and blushing; and after a time she was forced to confess that she could not think

what it was. "I have such a bad memory, mamma."

"Did you observe whether Sarah Davis was there?" said her mother. "Oh, yes, I should think I did. Why, who could help noticing her? What a fright she was! She had on an old bonnet done up, a make-believe lace collar, a pea-green silk dress, a sixpenny bracelet, her old earrings, and such a shabby fan. You never saw anything like it, mamma."

"Mary," said her mother, "I don't think you have such a bad memory as you say. You have remembered a good deal about Sarah Davis."

Mary hung her head down, and looked rather ashamed.

THE GIRL MISSIONARY.

A LITTLE girl was very ill, and thought to be near death. Her minister visited her, and believed that she could not recover. However, he prayed for her; and, as her parents were good people, they all prayed together. They prayed that if God was pleased to raise her up again, she might be truly converted to Him, and be led to give her life to Him for missionary work. They agreed to continue this prayer every day.

The dear little child was spared, and became quite strong and well again. God was pleased to touch her heart, and to make her His own by a real conversion.

And in one of her conversations with her minister, soon after she had recovered, she said of her own accord to him, "I want, dear Sir, to become a missionary. I feel very anxious indeed to go out and preach the Gospel to the poor heathen. I have already given up all the money I possess —about five shillings—to a missionary society; and when I grow up, I hope to be able to give my whole time and strength to the great work."

The minister could not but believe that the prayers for this dear girl had been wonderfully answered.

SELF-DENIAL.

"MAMMA," said little Alice Leslie, looking up from the Bible which was resting on her knee, and from which she had been reading the day's lessons to her mother—"Mamma, I don't think I quite understand this verse, 'Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.'"

"And what do you not understand, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Leslie kindly.

"Why, mamma, I don't know what taking up the cross means," replied Alice, gravely.

"Well then, listen, and I will try and explain it to you," returned Mrs. Leslie.

Alice drew her chair nearer to her kind parent, and then, with her large, thoughtful blue eyes attentively fixed upon Mrs.

Leslie's face, listened earnestly, while she continued—

"You know, Alice, that in this world we are all exposed to many trials and temptations; almost everyone has something to

bear. Some are constantly suffering great bodily pain; others have, perhaps, lost a dear friend; whom they loved very dearly; whilst many, even good people, are in such great poverty that they have not even common necessaries. All these things God

sends to prevent this world becoming too dear to us, and by taking up the cross our Saviour meant bearing all such trials patiently and meekly, submitting to the Lord's will. Now do you think you understand me, my dear?"

"Quite so, mamma," replied Alice; and after a little conversation Mrs. Leslie told her to put on her bonnet, as she was going to see a poor woman in the village. Alice was soon ready, and they set out together.

Before long they arrived at the cottage, or rather hovel, for it was little more. The thatch was in many places torn completely away, and the snow had penetrated into the miserable bed-room. The tottering door shook at every gust of wind, and the windows were almost destitute of glass.

"Oh, mamma, what a miserable place!" exclaimed Alice: "can anyone live here?"

"You will see, my dear," replied Mrs. Leslie, as she softly knocked for admittance.

The door was opened by a pale, thin child about twelve years old. A smile of pleasure lighted up her sad face on seeing Mrs. Leslie, whom she instantly invited to "walk in."

"How is your mother to-day, Nellie?" she inquired, kindly.

"A little better, I hope, ma'am," replied Nellie; "but the doctor has been here this morning (and tears started to her eyes), and he says, without she can live better she will not last long."

"But is all the money gone that I sent you?" inquired Mrs. Leslie.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, it would have lasted us a long time, but we have to pay two pounds a year for rent, and mother's illness made us behind with it; and yesterday Mr. Smith, our landlord, called to tell us we must either pay within a week or be turned out of doors; indeed I don't know what we shall do, ma'am, for, though mother gave him every penny we had, it only came to twelve shillings instead of a pound, and we have now not a farthing until I have finished the shirt I am making."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Leslie kindly, "but I will go up and see your mother:" and, followed by Alice, she ascended the broken staircase into the attic at the end of which the poor widow lay on her bed of sickness. The sunken cheeks and thin form of the sufferer told a tale of much want, yet she greeted Mrs. Leslie with a grateful smile, and she replied in a cheerful tone to her inquiries. "Thank you, ma'am, I think I am a little better to-day," she said. "I should not wish to live if it was not for the sake of my poor Nellie; excepting her I have nothing to bind me to earth, but I know not what she will do when I am gone. I can only trust in Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless; and after all, ma'am, it is not for long, and why should I murmur at the losses my Saviour calls me to bear when He suffered so much for me?"

Mrs. Leslie then read a chapter, at the poor woman's wish, and soon after that they took their leave.

Alice was silent for some time as they walked home. At last she said, "Mamma, don't you think Nellie's mother takes up her cross?" "Yes, my dear, I am sure she does," replied Mrs. Leslie; "her trials are very great; I wish I could assist her more, but you know we are far from rich, and I have already expended the sum I lay by annually for charitable purposes.

Alice was silent again until they arrived at home. As she was going upstairs, she said, "Mamma, you know the half-sovereign grandmamma gave me on New Year's Day?" "Yes, my dear, you are going to buy a large doll with it, are you not?" returned her mother.

"I intended to do so," said Alice, hesitating; "but it would be of so much use to Mrs. Owen, and if I were to give it her instead of buying my doll, would not that be denying myself, mamma?"

"Certainly it would, my dear child," answered Mrs. Leslie; "but can you give it freely? would you not wish it back again the next time we go into L—— ?"

Alice paused, but the next minute she looked up brightly: "No, mamma, I shall not; I have made up my mind, so may we take it to her this afternoon?"

"That you may, my dear child," replied Mrs. Leslie, kissing her fondly, "and I am

certain you will obtain more real happiness in bestowing your half-sovereign on poor Mrs. Owen than in buying all the wax dolls that L—— could afford."

The self-denial of little Alice was perfectly sincere, for Mrs. Leslie was not rich enough to replace the gift, even had she wished to do so; but her prediction was correct, for never did any child feel more happy than she did as she skipped along by her mother's side that afternoon. The widow's thanks still ringing in her ears and the remembrance of Nellie's now cheerful and grateful countenance were far sweeter to her than even the magnificent doll her half-sovereign would have procured.

H. T. H.

MARY AND THE RAIN.

The other day I heard a gentleman tell this story, which is, I believe, quite true.

Not long ago, in a certain part of England, there was a great drought; for want of rain, crops were burnt up by the sun, and the poor sheep and cows died of thirst. Some good farmers, who knew how rain depended on God's kindness, agreed to meet together now and then with their families, to lay their wants before their Heavenly Father.

It was a bright hot sunny morning, when they were to meet for the first time. As one of them went on his way, he met a little

girl making her way along, quite overburdened with the weight of a large old family umbrella.

"Well, my child," said he, "where are you going?" "To the prayer meeting for rain," she answered.

"And why do you burden yourself with such a large umbrella such a fine morning as this? You are not likely to want it to-day."

"Why, Sir, you know," she said, looking up simply into his face, "I thought that, as we were going to pray for rain, we should be sure to want the umbrella." The man smiled on her, and soon after the service began.

While they were praying the wind got up, the sun was hid behind dark and heavy clouds; the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the rain began to drop, and by-and-by a heavy storm deluged the fields far and wide.

Amongst all the people assembled to pray for rain, there was but one umbrella, and that was Mary's. Most of them who could not wait, got drenched through and through before they could reach their home, while Mary and her friend walked home dry under the old family umbrella.

Mary's was simple faith; she *expected* God to answer prayer, and prepared accordingly. Here is a good example.

GOOD TEMPERS.

A GENTLEMAN was walking along the street of a city one day, and, as he passed a little girl, who was cheerfully rolling her hoop, he said to her, "You are a nice little girl;" to which she replied, patting her little brother on the head, "And Bobbie is a nice little brother too." Here was good temper, which would make this dear child "a child of the right hand" to her parents, and cause her to be loved by all who are about her.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her young twin-daughters silent.

She spoke tenderly of habits and dispositions founded on the golden rule,—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you." Still these bright little faces were bowed in silence. The question was repeated. "I cannot remember anything good all this day, dear mother," said one of the little girls; "only one of my classmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her. She said I was good. That is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more tenderly:—"A little girl, who sat with me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother; I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book,

and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

These were children of good tempers,—children whose pleasant dispositions would make them children of the right hand to their parents.

A DOG IN THE ARMY.

A SOLDIER in the barracks at New London, Upper Canada, had a dog, named "Toss," which was a very useful friend to the soldiers in the regiment; and if the truth must be told, "Toss" was the means of preventing many a soldier from suffering the horrors of the "lash."

At stated times the sergeant went round to each sentry-box for the purpose of seeing if the soldier was doing his duty. "Toss" noticed this, and, strange to say, commenced going round regularly a short time *before the sergeant*, and gave warning of his coming. Sometimes on a cold day a poor soldier would through fatigue be drowsy; but the moment "Toss" approached the sentry, and saw his perilous position, he would pull the man's coat or trousers until he awoke him! You may be sure the soldier was very thankful to "Toss." No wonder that the faithful creature was a favourite with the regiment; for, long after his death, "poor old Toss" was spoken of

by the soldiers with affectionate remembrance.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.

SOME years ago, a number of "navvies" were employed in cleansing a water-dam in a village not one hundred miles from Sowerby Bridge, in Yorkshire. One day, when the master went to see what progress they were making, he found only *one* man at work. On learning that the other men were at the beer-house, drinking, he said to the one at work, "Thou seemest to be a steady man, I will find thee another job." The gentleman then took him to work in his dyehouse. The "navvy" that *was* has since risen by his industry, sobriety, and ability, and is now foreman in the extensive dyeworks belonging to a Member of Parliament in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

BLIND BOY AND BIBLE.

A LITTLE blind boy, about twelve years of age, wished to learn to read the Bible with RAISED LETTERS, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run his fingers along the page and to read it with ease. The highest object of his wishes now was to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes.

His parents were unable to buy one, but his minister obtained a copy from the benevolent society. It was in several volumes.

Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the little boy went alone to his room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these precious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer to return thanks to God for this blessed gift of His Holy Word. He then rose from his knees, and, taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side, and then proceeded to the next, and so on, till he had, in this simple, but pleasing manner, signified his love for each of those blessed volumes which, through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and the glories of God's love to man.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

"Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them."

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"O how love I Thy law; it is my meditation all the day."—*See* verses 129, 130, 105, and 97 of the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm.

SAGACITY IN A BULL.

A FEW weeks ago, a little boy, while herding cattle on a farm, near Balbeggie, Perthshire, was suddenly attacked by a bull, and tossed to the distance of some yards. The bull was following up the attack, when it suddenly desisted. The screams of the boy at once was the cause, and the animal went up and licked him all over with marks of kindness, and the recognition of an old acquaintance! The boy had put on a strange upper garment to protect him from the rain, and the bull thus mistaking him for a stranger, a fatal result had nearly taken place, but for the animal recognising the well-known voice of the boy.

MY LITTLE DOG MARCO.

I ONCE had a little dog called Marco. He was black and white in colour, and had soft, silky, curly hair, and long ears. He was an active, lively little fellow, always jumping or running about.

He was very sensible. If I told him to go upstairs to fetch my gloves which I had

left in my room, he would understand me, and would go and bring them.

He was very affectionate, and loved to lick my hands, and to be with me wherever I was. If ever I was away from him, he would pine and whine till we met again.

But one of the best things about him was his obedience. This was particularly shown when we went out walks together. When we started, he would run round and round me, barking and capering with joy. Then he would scamper after the birds across the fields, though he could never hope to catch them. This was his great delight. But if ever he was running about in this full pleasure, however fast, as soon as ever I whistled or called on him, he left his play *immediately*, and ran up to me to see what I wanted.

I often used to admire the instant obedience of this good little dog; and I have often thought what a good lesson he taught to many children, when they are called off by their parents from their play. Some I have known to seem not to hear. Others wish only to finish this little thing or the other little thing, and then they will come. Now, children, as soon as they are called, ought to give up what they are about *at once*, and come *immediately*. This is obedience. To wait a little is *disobedience*.

Now remember my little dog Marco.

K.

GOD LOVES.

Prov. iii. 17.

God loves the child that humbly prays,
And truly seeks His face;
And walks in all His holy ways,
Depending on His grace.

God loves the child whose earliest youth
Is given to the Lord;
Who fears His name, and speaks the truth,
And trembles at His word.

God loves all those who prize His love
And, till this life be past,
Will shine upon them from above,
And saves them to the last.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

73. Where are we told to "abstain from all appearance of evil"?

74. Where does Jesus say that His disciples are "not of the world"?

75. Of whom did Jesus say, "She loved much"?

76. Where does God tell people to "rend their heart and not their garment"?

77. Where are we told that "sorrow and sighing shall flee away"?

78. What does the Wise Man say about "the field of the slothful"?

79. Who are they that "borrow and pay not again"?

80. Of whom is it said, "When he humbled himself the wrath of the Lord turned from him"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(65.) Prov. xviii. 9. (66.) Rev. ii. 2. (67.) 2 Thess. ii. 5. (68.) John xviii. 36. (69.) Jer. vlviii. 29. (70.) Jer. viii. 7. (71.) Ps. lxxxiv. 11. (72.) Deut xxxii. 15.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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PARENTS' HEARTS.

CHILDREN little know how deeply they live in their parents' hearts, and how fondly they are tended and watched over. If a child could but feel the sorrow it gives when it is naughty and troub[illegible]e, it would be more careful, and [illegible]re much pain. Some children have made their parents' lives quite miserable by their

misconduct; others have quite broken their parents' hearts.

I knew a young man, who, when he went out from home into the busy world to act for himself, was kept right, and free from much sin and wickedness, by the constant thought, "I will not make my dear father, who has been so kind to me, unhappy, by doing wrong."

But the following is a melancholy instance of a father's heart which was broken by his son's misconduct.

Not long ago, a woman, going to market with her cart to sell butter, met a lad, about ten years old, whom she knew, and gave him a ride part of the way. After he had got out, a purse of money, which had been lying on the top of a basket was missed. Inquiries were made, and after some time the mother of the boy brought the purse, saying that her son had found it. The boy was taken up and put in the "look-up," and confessed the theft. He was then sent to the sessions for trial, but under the circumstances was not punished. But his poor father was so shocked at the event that he fell ill. Though a strong, hearty man, he felt, as he said, as if he had been shot, when he heard what his son had done. He was obliged to leave his work; in a few days he took to his bed, and [redacted] after he died!

[redacted]onder what will be the feelings of that little boy, if he grows up, all through

his life, when he remembers why his father died.

But oh, dear children, remember that, though you may not kill your parents, —which I dare say you shudder to think of,—yet you may do what is almost as bad, —make all their days wretched and miserable, and embitter and shorten their lives by doing wrong. K.

THE NEW-FOUND RELATION.

In the year 1839, a poor Austrian officer, who appeared very ill, arrived one day in a town in Germany celebrated for its baths, to which crowds of invalids were constantly flocking, with the hope of being cured of their various diseases.

The officer seemed to be dying and very near his end, and he was refused admission into several of the hotels, as they feared he might die in the house. When he presented himself at the last hotel where he could hope to get rooms, he was told as usual that there were none vacant; but one of the gentlemen living in the hotel, having heard this answer given by the landlord, stepped forward and said—

"This officer is my near relation, and I shall share my room with him. He may have my bed, and I can sleep on the sofa."

The landlord could not venture to make any objection to this, and the half-fainting invalid was carried to the room of the

gentleman who had claimed him as a relation. When he had rested a few minutes to recover his strength a little, his first question was—

"May I ask your name, my kind friend? How are you related to me?—on what side?"

"I am related to you through our Lord Jesus Christ, for I have learned from Him that my neighbour is my brother."

Not contented with thus kindly receiving a stranger, the generous man did all he could to assist him both in temporal and spiritual things. He nursed him kindly, and carried to him with his own hands the first glass he took of the healing waters. He cared also for his soul, and tried to lead him to Jesus, the Physician of souls, who heals all our diseases, who is the comforter of the afflicted, and the Saviour of sinners.

This good man had understood aright and also profited by the parable of the good Samaritan, and the command with which our Lord concludes it—"Go thou, and do likewise."

THE SLAVE AND HIS ENEMY.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

A SLAVE in one of the West India Islands, who had been brought from Africa, became a Christian, and behaved so well, that his master raised him to a situation of

trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves in the market, with the view of making a purchase.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken-down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much that he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that the master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him to his home, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table. When he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine, and when it was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa trees. The master supposed that the old man must be some relation to his favourite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa," said the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why, then," asked the master, "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my *enemy*, massa," replied the slave, "he sold me to the slave dealer; my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."

POLITE CHILDREN.

It is particularly pleasing to meet with polite children. We like their soft "please," cordial "thank you," and hearty "yes, sir." We like to see them pick up mamma's gloves, hand papa's hat and stick, and jump to open the door for half-blind grandma, who is feeling with shaking hands after the knob.

Their politeness is perhaps the more agreeable, because we do not always expect it. We expect *grown* people to be polite, but, knowing how forgetful, careless, and inattentive children are, we are not surprised, and do not condemn them, if they do not always exhibit this most agreeable quality. But when they do, we always notice it, and remember it with pleasure.

I happened to be travelling a little distance on a freezing day, and entered the lady's room at a shop, shivering with cold, for in my anxiety to keep baby warm, a pin in my shawl had escaped its fastening, and I wanted to replace it. But my pin-cushion was in my pocket, which was filled with toys and bon-bons, (we had "been to

Christmas,") and with bundled-up baby, gloves, and cold fingers, was not to be got at.

There were only three little girls in the room (perhaps ten years old) sitting opposite to us, and as I drew my shawl closer around me, and moved a little nearer the glowing coal, thinking of the value of a bit of sharpened and headed wire, I saw the little girls pass a hand over the front part of their dresses, look at each other, and shake their heads. The next moment one of them stepped across and handed me a pin, (she must have taken it from a needed place), saying, in a very sweet tone,

"Here is one, if you please."

"Thank you, dear," I cordially replied, accepting it; and as she resumed her seat, the other little girls were equally pleased, for the same kindly motion swayed each little heart.

It was a very trifling act, but whenever I recall the politeness of those little stranger girls, I think of the beautiful definition that somebody gives to politeness. It is this: "*True politeness consists in doing the kindest thing in the very kindest way.*"

SAGACITY OF AN ASS.

Some years ago an ass was employed at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, in drawing water by a large wheel from a

very deep well, supposed to have been sunk by the Romans. When his keeper wanted water, he would say to the ass, "Tom, my boy, I want water; get into the wheel, my good lad;" which Thomas immediately performed with an alacrity and sagacity that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to revolve upon its axis, to complete his labour, because every time he brought the bucket to the surface of the well, he constantly stopped. He turned round his honest head to observe the moment when his master laid old of the bucket to draw it towards him, because he had then either to recede or advance a little. It was pleasing to observe with what steadiness and regularity the poor animal performed his labour.

ANGELS ON EARTH.

MANY of our youthful readers have no doubt often sung that sweet little hymn, commencing—

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

But you need not expect to be like angels in heaven unless you become good children on earth. A pure and holy angel would not like to accompany a proud little girl to dancing parties, or be with her in search of

vain and foolish pleasures. Neither would angels take pleasure in being the constant companions of a little boy who used profane language, or who told lies, or who delighted to run with wicked associates. Ah, no! In either of these cases it would, perhaps, make the angels' heart sad, and, if it were possible, fill their eyes with tears to see them so fond of the world and its vain pleasures, and so thoughtless and indifferent about the glories of heaven.

The Bible speaks to us about angels in nearly two hundred different places. We might tell you something about their employment in heaven, but we want to tell you what their occupation is on earth. This, at present, most concerns us. The apostle declares that they are "all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

Children, did you ever think of the meaning of this verse? In the *first* place it speaks of "*all*" the angels. Oh, what a vast multitude there must be of them! The Psalmist declared, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even *thousands* of angels." Our Saviour once said, if He should ask it His Father would "give Him *more than twelve thousand legions of angels*." "A legion" in the Roman army consisted of from three to five thousand soldiers, so that our blessed Saviour may have meant that more than *sixty thousand angels* would be sent to His rescue if He should merely ask for them

Indeed, we have good reason to suppose that they are beyond numbers; for St. John speaks of "an *innumerable* company of angels."

In the *second* place, the verse teaches us that they are "*ministering spirits.*" Don't you know what is meant by a ministering spirit? It is one who constantly attends, watches over, and waits upon another. One who sustains, comforts, and relieves a person. One who brings aid and succour in times of distress.

In the *third* place, it declares that they are "*sent forth*" by God. They are His servants, commissioned and directed to attend to and watch over those that He sends them to. This, then, is their business and employment on earth, and there can be no doubt they gladly and joyfully fly to do God's pleasure, and take delight in fulfilling His commands.

In the *fourth* place, the verse informs us to whom they are sent. Not to the wicked, not to the lovers of worldly pleasures, not to those who disobey God's commands; but "*to those who shall be heirs of salvation,*" or, in other words, to Christians, those that love and serve God.

Oh, what a great and glorious privilege is this, not only to be an adopted child of God, and an heir of salvation, but even in this world to have the angels constantly attending upon us and ministering to all our wants.

Then, again, the Bible declares that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Oh, how safe, how secure we are then! No matter how many enemies beset us; no matter how dark and gloomy and dreary the night may be; no matter how far we are from friends or relations, we are safe, and should feel perfectly secure, for angels encamp around us.

"'Angels *now* are hov'ring o'er us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join our holy song."

The Bible contains many interesting accounts of angels coming to the rescue of God's children; we can only remind you of two or three from among a multitude. When Daniel was thrown in the den of wild beasts, "an angel was sent to shut the lion's mouth." When an army was sent to bring the Prophet Elisha as a prisoner to the wicked king, "the whole mountain" on which he and his servant were was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha, so that the army could not come near nor touch him. So also an angel released Paul and Silas from prison, though the doors were securely locked and their feet fastened in the stocks; and we read that when Lazarus died, he "was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

We have often heard and read interesting accounts of angels ministering to Christians

of *later* years. A young man, one of the primitive Christians, was called upon to endure great sufferings for Christ. "When doing their utmost to torment him on the rack, he seemed *very happy*; and so overpowering were the comforts of the Holy Ghost, he declared that he himself was *unconscious of the sufferings of his body!* that his *pleasures were unutterable!*" "For," said he, "all the while I was on the rack, and you were venting your malice against me, I thought there was a young man in white—*an angel*—that stood by me, who wiped off the sweat; and I found great sweetness *even* in my sufferings."

And then we have the testimony of thousands of Christians, some who were very young, who in their dying hour saw the room full of angels; and some whose ears were even charmed by their sweet songs; and think also of what untold multitudes have had their souls carried by angels to the paradise of God.

Now, children, we have tried to tell you how you could not only be *like* an angel in heaven, but how you can have them to be your constant companions on earth. Oh that some of you would now make up your minds to become Christians, and instantly there would be "joy in the presence of the angels of God over your repentance."

"Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

"But thronging round with busiest love,
They guard the dying breast;
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest

"And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there."

A SICK RAGGED-SCHOOL BOY.

A VERY few years ago a curate of one of the densely populated parishes in London was distributing tracts in one of the courts

of the parish. He was surrounded with children of all ages, some very dirty, some very ragged, but all anxious to obtain one of the "little picture books." During the excitement amongst the children of this court a female tapped the clergyman upon the shoulder, and said, "Mr. ——, my little boy says he would be much obliged if you would send him a tract." The reply was, "He must come for one himself, like the rest." The woman replied, "He would, Sir, if he could; and he said, 'Only tell Mr. —— that I am poorly, and then I am sure he will send me one.'" On hearing this, the clergyman said, "I will bring one to the little fellow and see him myself."

After satisfying the many demands, "Give me one, please, teacher," "Give me one, please Mr. ——," the curate mounted the stairs of one off the houses of the court, and on the first floor he found a little boy, apparently about seven years of age, lying on his bed. He at once recognised one of the "ragged school" boys, and a regular attendant of the Sabbath school, and the little fellow at once recognised the clergyman with a smile. Although very unwell, he thankfully looked up whilst he stretched out his thin little hand to take a little tract. The first thing that struck the visitor was the little hymn book used at the Sabbath school on the pillow. On inquiry, the little fellow's aunt said that he had been singing all his little hymns

which he had learnt at school; and he could not sing any longer, he had become so weak.

These favourite hymns of his were—

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing Glory, glory, glory."

Also, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," &c., as well as that general favourite amongst the young—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful
When we meet to part no more."

His great desire was that he might soon get well, and then he might not only sing, but he would do what the little hymn said—

"When the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line towards the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath school.
For 'tis thus we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, away,
I'll away, away,
I'll away to the Sabbath school."

Here, then, the minister saw some of the fruits of the labours of those who engage in Sabbath school teaching. Such fruits as these are too often left, instead of being forwarded to the teacher as encouragements,

and as fulfilling God's word, "Forasmuch as your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Thus, too, the little fellow was full of joy, although so very unwell. Yet it must not be supposed that these hymns were the sources of his joy. No, this little fellow taught the minister one of the most valuable illustrations of the plans of salvation as revealed in God's holy word, as well as one of the most important truths to encourage the spiritual teaching of the young. Yes, out of the mouth of a babe like this, the minister was only too thankful to God to hear His praise.

On being asked if he thought he would die, he said he thought he would, and he wished very much to see his teacher. When asked, "Are you afraid to die, my dear little friend?" "Oh no!" was the answer. This was not the usual answer from the sick people which the minister was accustomed to visit, and consequently, instead of having to impart knowledge, he inquired still further: "Now, why don't you fear to die?" His answer was, "Because I shall go to heaven." "And will you tell me why you believe that when you die you will go to heaven?" His answer was, "I feel *Jesus will get God to take me.*" Oh that his answer, which is given word by word, may have the same effect upon each who reads this as it had upon the mind of the clergyman!

Who will be cast down in the work of

the Lord when this little fellow can tell us of what God had done for his soul? The teaching of this daily ragged school, and the teaching of the Sabbath ragged school, had been "Jesus." He had been taught as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and God the Holy Spirit had conveyed that same *Jesus* to the understanding and the heart of that little boy, so that in sickness he was joyous, in the face of death he was happy, and after death he had "*Jesus to get God to take him.*"

If my reader be young, think of the little boy, and I know you would like to be as happy as he was. Then think of Jesus as he thought of Him; go to the Sabbath school where you hear of Jesus, and may every little boy and girl enjoy the same peace as this little boy did, when he said, "I feel Jesus will get God to take me."

May every Sabbath school teacher be encouraged by this touching little incident to go forward in their labours of love, resting in humble faith on that blessed promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days."

E. G.

RELIGION IN A COAL MINE.

THERE was a gentleman, who lived in a part of the country where coal is dug, and one day he thought he should like to see a mine, and he was lowered down into one

many hundred feet deep. When he got to the bottom, the people there looked very dark and dirty, and he did not know who they were. But there was one of them who knew him, and who ran up to the place where he was standing with great glee, and said, "Oh, sir, I never expected to see you here!" It was one of the boys of his class in the Sabbath-school.

Having got permission to show the gentleman over the mine, the little fellow set out and took his teacher to every part worth seeing. But he was so overjoyed at the job, and skipped along so fast, that now and then he left the visitor in darkness till he came back to him again with the little safety-lamp which was hanging from his hand. He showed the gentleman where the miners were at work, and pointed out the thick pillars of coal which were left for a time to keep the roof from falling in. It is very likely that he took him to the stables where the horses were kept, and told him how many of them there were, and how long they had been down in that deep, dark place, and how blind they had become from not having had any use for their eyes.

At last the teacher and his little guide came to the bottom of a shaft—that is, the deep pit up and down which the coal and the work-people are drawn—and the gentleman was glad enough to see the light of day glimmering once more from the top,

and had no wish to go back again through the dark diggings which he had left. But the boy had not yet shown him everything in the mine. "There is," he said to his teacher, "one place more that I *must* show you;" but the gentleman told him he was tired, and did not care about seeing anything else; yet the boy was so earnest that he consented to go. In a short time he found himself in a large, gloomy-looking cavern, where there was a single candle burning very dimly in that dark place.

"Here," said the boy, "we have our prayer-meetings;" and then he showed the visitor several seats cut out in the coal, upon which they were accustomed to sit while the Bible was read. And then, pointing to a box also cut out of a solid block of coal, he said with evident pleasure, "Here, sir, is our missionary-box!"

Now, who does not think that such prayer-meetings and that missionary-box were the best things in the coal mine; that God smiled upon them; that He blessed those dear boys who, by these means, sought to get good for themselves, and to do good to others; and that, in that deep, dark place, there was more real happiness than in many of the mansions of the rich or the palaces of princes?

THE LITTLE SQUIRREL HUNTER.

IDLE children love to lie in bed in the morning: they love to do nothing all day, if they can help it, but play.

It is a great trouble to get them to study, to read, or to work. Now, idle children always make idle men; for the habits which children form while they are children will surely remain with them when they grow up to be men and women.

John Alsop was about fifteen years old when his father, who had just moved into a new settlement in Canada, was clearing land. One day the father and a neighbour were engaged in building a log-fence, which was made of the trunks of the trees that were cleared off the lands. First, they laid the fence one log high, with the ends of each length passing a little way by each other. Notches were cut in the ends, and a block was laid crosswise, where the ends lapped, and then another tier was laid on the cross-pieces, till the fence was high enough. To roll up the top logs, they would lay long poles, called *skids*, one end on the top of the logs, and the other on the ground, and roll up the logs on these. But, as the logs were very heavy, they were obliged to stop several times to rest, or to get a new hold; and it was John's business, when they stopped, to put a block under the log, to keep it from rolling back.

Having given a hard lift, and tugging with all his might, the father called out,

"There Johnny! put under your block! —quick!" Johnny started nimbly and snatched up his block, when suddenly the chirp of a little squirrel struck his ear. Instantly down went his block, and away he ran after the squirrel, leaving his father and the other man to hold the log till he came back.

This anecdote gives you John's character. He was an idle boy. He had no fondness for work. He was not willing to follow any one object or pursuit long enough to accomplish anything. Thirty years after this, a gentleman who had known him in his youthful days inquired about him of one of his neighbours, who related this anecdote, and added, "*He has been running after squirrels ever since.*" He never was steady and persevering in the pursuit of anything. When he was a young man, he never could make up his mind decidedly what employment to follow. He had no industry; he would try one thing a little while, get tired of it, and then take up another; but followed no business long enough to get well acquainted with it. He has always been *hunting the squirrel.*

Now, we are to remember, dear children, that God is busy at all times, and almost everything that God has made is busy. Look at the sun, it is always at work, shining and shining from one year's end to the other. In the daytime it is shining in our part of the world, and when it is night

to us, it is shining in the opposite part of the world. And so it is with the moon; always shining in one part of the world or the other. So it is with the sea; its waves are rising, and falling, and rolling, and flowing continually. So it is with the rivers; they are continually running, from the fountains where they spring, on, on to the ocean. And so it is with the little birds, and little fishes, and the bees, and the ants: none of these are idle.

A SWEET COMFORTER.

An interesting incident occurred soon after Mrs. Judson left Calcutta. With health prostrated, surrounded by strangers, and a long sea-voyage before her, the weight of her loneliness and grief were at first almost insupportable. One day, while in her cabin weeping, a soft little hand touched her arm, and a very sweet voice said, "Mamma, though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. Is that true, mamma?" The bearer of this timely precious word of hope was her little son, a boy of six years, who had crept into the cabin unobserved.

SUNDAY MORNING.

O! come, 'tis Sunday morning,
How sweet the church bells chime,
They ring around our dwelling,
That this is holy time.

How bright the sun is shining
Upon the new-mown hay;
How sweet the birds are singing
On God's most holy day.

O! come, 'tis Sunday morning,
We 'll put our toys away,
And get our books and pictures,
For blessed Sabbath day.
It seems to me the windows
Of heaven open wide,
It seems as if the angels
Were sitting by my side.

O! come, 'tis Sunday morning,
The best of all the week,
When we may go to Jesus,
And His dear blessing seek.
When God's own house is open,
We 'll enter hand in hand,
And join to sing God's praises,
A happy little band.

O! come, 'tis Sunday morning,
Along the lane and wood
See smiling groups, all coming
To God's most blest abode.
We feel we are all brethren,
Bound to far better homes,
O! should we not be happy
When Sunday morning comes?

O! come, 'tis Sunday morning,
Shake off the dust of toil,
Put by our work-day garments,
And all their smoky soil.

Let 's get our Sunday bonnets,
  Our dresses clean and white,
O ! may our hearts be purer
  In God's most holy sight.

Come, come, 'tis Sunday morning,
  O ! what a bond of love
Unites the happy household
  Whose hearts are fixed above !
They cannot long be parted ;
  Death only brings them home
To the eternal Sabbath,
  Where partings never come.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

81. Where does David say, "Thy law is my delight"?

82. Where are these words, "Let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth"?

83. What did David say God did to him when he "called upon Him in distress"?

84. Who were the people whom the princes of Israel refused to touch, on account of a league?

85. Where is God spoken of as "the hope of their fathers"?

86. Where are these words, "I will give them an heart to know me, that I am the Lord"?

87. How does Christ say we are to "bring forth fruit"?

88. What does Christ call those who do "the will of his Father who is in heaven"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(73.) 1 Thess. v. 22. (74.) John xvii. 16. (75.) Luke vii. 47. (76.) Joel ii. 13. (77.) Isa. xxxv. 10. (78.) Prov. xxiv. 31. (79.) Ps. xxxvii. 21. (80.) 2 Chron. xii. 12.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

When Dr. Livingstone was on his last journey in Africa, he came to a tribe of black people who were very friendly to him. The chief was a very peaceful and sensible man.

Dr. Livingstone spoke to him about the religion of Jesus, which he had never heard of before. He was much surprised, and very glad to hear Dr. Livingstone speak.

And he wished that all his people should also hear the same things.

Accordingly, one day, he assembled all his tribe round in a circle, and standing in the midst, with Dr. Livingstone by his side, he told them of the religion which was being brought amongst them.

How cheering to think of the glorious Gospel of Jesus being so readily received by these poor heathen people! We have not yet heard whether Dr. Livingstone has, on a second journey to Africa, met these people again, and done anything more with them. But we doubt not that he will try.

And this is one of the things that you should pray for in your prayers—that the missionaries of Jesus may have health, strength, courage, and grace, to be very successful in their difficult and arduous work. How glad will you be at the last day to find by your side, at God's right hand, some of the poor heathen whom you have prayed for!

K.

GIVING TO GOD.

"PAPA," said Susy, "who was that money for that you put into the plate at church?"

"It was for God," said her papa.

"How will they get it up to Him?" asked Robbie in great surprise, and looking up to the sky.

His papa smiled, and even Susy knew better than that.

"When Jesus was here on this earth," said their papa, "He sent good men, two and two at a time, to go about teaching people about God and about heaven. And such good men keep going, even to this day. And that money was to help to feed and clothe them while they are preaching, and so I said it was money given to God."

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give Him what you have not," said her papa; "but you have other things besides money."

"I've got some *dolls*," said Susy.

"No, I don't mean dolls. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you can give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book, and began to turn over the leaves, as if in search of something. Before long he came to the place he was looking for, and he lifted Susy into his lap, and showed her where to read.

Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears; I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man who is now in heaven. Now you see

what you have to give to God, my darling little Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said, in a low voice, half to herself:

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and He is looking at you now, to see whether you will give them to Him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to Him, you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. And if you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to Him, papa?"

"Yes indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent; she did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you never will let it speak angry, unkind words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth."

"I think I'll give Him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them and keep them, from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something, either work or play."

"Oh! will God let them *play?* Well! then I'll give Him my hands."

"And if you give Him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go, but teach them to run quickly when mamma calls; and when you are old enough, they will carry you to visit and comfort poor and sick people."

"Yes, that will be nice!" said Susy; "God shall have my feet."

"If you give Him your eyes, you will never, never let them look at anything you know *He* would not like to look at if He were by your side; nor read a book you would not read if He were looking over the page with you. And you would try to use them wisely and with great care."

"Could I cry with them?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Mamma says I cry too much."

"I did not say you might cry *too much* with them."

"Oh, no! God will not like that at all."

"Well, I might want to—let me see—I might want to look at something, and I couldn't. And I should want to be naughty sometimes."

"A little girl who loves God want to be naughty!"

"I love Him, I do love Him," said Susy, "and He may have my eyes."

"I think I shan't want to look at anything naughty."

"I daresay you will, Susy; but if you

give your eyes to God, you know He will help them not to do wrong."

"Then I *will* give them to Him, and welcome," said Susy.

"And as to your ears, after you have given them to God, you will not let them listen to a *word* that you think He would not like them to hear; and you will take care to make them listen to people who try to teach you. They have behaved very well to-day, and I am sure you will give them to God."

"Yes, papa, I will."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to hear all they had been saying, and to be so good as to accept all Susy had now promised to give Him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said and all she did, all she saw and all she heard, to remember—

"I AM NOT MY OWN."

And then he taught her the lines you will find underneath. They were written nearly two hundred years ago, but are just as good now to use as a prayer as they were then:—

"Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear,
To what concerns me not to hear.
That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast.

That by each word, and deed, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry—
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis done, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do."

—*From Little Susy's Six Birthdays.*

A RIGHT TO SCOLD.

I KNOW two little girls, named Julia and Mary Mason. They are sisters, and the only children of their parents. I once heard Julia complain very bitterly of her sister.

"I wish I could have my lace," said she. "I think Mary is a very naughty girl. She wears my hair-ribbons and my lace all the time. I think she is very naughty."

"My dear Julia," said I, "do not talk so much about your sister. You really *scold* about her."

"*I have a right to scold*," said Julia very decidedly. "Mary scolds at me, and I have a right to scold at her."

"Have you?" said I. "Where do you find the right? Does the Bible say that if a person scolds at you, you may scold at them? Will you please to find the chapter and verse? I should be very glad to have you show it to me, if you can find such a verse."

Julia made no reply. She looked rather mortified, and I think she felt that she could not find anything in the Bible to

prove that we may speak unkindly even to those who speak unkindly to us.

What do you think, my little reader? Are we taught to render "evil for evil, or railing for railing?"

HOW TO UNDERSTAND THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the Fifth Commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper:—"Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw them bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

The clergyman then looked very much pleased, and the old schoolmaster only quietly remarked, "God gives us His grace and blessing."

THE END OF THE YEAR.

We are approaching the end of the year. It is a very solemn time. It reminds us that all things will soon be coming to an end.

I fear that some children are sorry to think that an end will then be put to all their play and amusements.

But I hope that some are thinking what a glorious time it will be when Jesus comes to take them to heaven. He has better things to please them then than worldly amusements. To praise and serve Him will be glorious work.

Oh! dear children, do you love to think of heaven? Do you love to think of the coming of Jesus?

If He is your Friend and Saviour, it will be so. If you have not yet made a friend of Him, you will dread to think of His coming and His great judgments.

Pray, and ask Him to be a Friend to you. Ask Him to take all the guilt of your sins from your souls. Ask Him to give you a heart to love Him.

If you don't love His appearing now, you may yet do so, if you *pray*.

THE GORILLA.

The Gorilla is a sort of ape. It lives in Western Africa. It has been only lately discovered, and is the largest and fiercest of the monkey tribe known.

It is about five feet six inches high. Its strength is immense, and its ferocity greater than almost any other animal's. The natives dread it more than the lion, and are never known to catch it. It lives in the thickest forests, far away from the abodes of men. But if a man does happen to come in its neighbourhood, it hides up in the thick branches of a tree, and, without being seen, lowers its powerful hind paw, gripes hold of the man's neck, and strangles him. It is not for the purpose of prey, but out of mere cruelty, for it does not feed on the dead body.

It is a very cunning animal, and apt to imitate the actions of men. It will pick up the ivory tusks of elephants as it sees men do, but merely carry them about; sometimes so long, that it drops from fatigue. It will build a hut, but has not the sense to live inside. It will sit down by the embers of a fire which has been left by natives, and enjoy the warmth, but will not have the sense to put fresh fuel on.

It is a great mercy that, with all its strength and malice, it has not more sense, otherwise it might easily burn forests and villages down; and a few of them together would be too formidable for many men.

The natives believe that the Gorillas are really men like themselves. But we know that they are only apes, and are formed like beasts, and not like men. O.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

A few weeks ago, a clergyman visited a town where, two years before, he was privileged to minister in a large and populous district, and where he had held a monthly children's service on a Sabbath afternoon, which the children delighted to attend. At least, the following anecdote will show that one little one loved them. On visiting the Sabbath-school, during this visit, a little boy about six years old came out of one of the classes, and with a beaming countenance exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I *am* so glad to see you, I

pray every day for you, and I remember all your texts at the Children's Service." "I am very glad to hear that," said the clergyman. "Now, tell me one of them." The little fellow said quickly, "I am but a little child." Would that all children, and not children only, would pray daily for their minister; this little boy had done so for nearly two years after this minister had left the place.

THE CAREFUL AND THE CARELESS.

Some children have *industrious* habits. They rise early, they study hard, and get their lessons well. If they are set to work they do it cheerfully; they are not easily tired, but keep on until the work is done. People with these habits always succeed in life. There is no difficulty which industry has not conquered.

One day a load of coal was thrown down before the door of a cellar in which a poor family lived. A little girl went out, with quite a small shovel, and began to shovel it up. "My little child," said a gentleman who was passing by, "you can't get all that coal in with your small shovel." "Oh, yes, I can, Sir," said the little girl, "*if I only work long enough.*"

There was a poor boy once, who resolved to get an education. He had to work hard all day, and, when evening came, he had no

place to read in, and no light to read by; so he used to take his book, and go into the street, and stand by some shop window, and study in the light that shone from it. And sometimes, when the shops were closed before he got through, he would climb up a lamp-post, and hold on with one hand while he held his book with the other. It is not surprising that he became a man who was distinguished for his learning.

Some children form *careless* habits. They never put things in their proper places, but lay them down and leave them just where they may happen to be. Then, when they want them, they can't tell where to find them. Suppose you were visiting in a family where several children live who have formed careless habits. The morning hour for going to school has come. There is a great noise and confusion in the entry. You go to your room door, to find out what is the matter, and you hear sounds like these:—"Where's my hat?" "Where's my bonnet?" "Who's taken my books?" "Somebody's always taking my things. I do wish people would mind their own business, and let my things alone!"

Poor children! Who has been taking their things, and teazing them so? Nobody at all. Their things are just where they left them; and they find them presently, one in the parlour, another in the dining-room, and another in the kitchen.

Now, there s no telling, my dear chil-

dren, how much evil sometimes results from the formation of careless habits. Several years ago a dreadful explosion of gunpowder took place. Three large wagons were carrying powder in kegs. As they were passing the outskirts of a town, and while just opposite a beautiful mansion, there was a flash—a tremendous noise—and all was over. In an instant, the wagons, the horses, the drivers, and all about them, were blown to atoms.

Nobody ever could tell exactly how it took place; but, if the truth were known, I dare say it would be found that an act of carelessness was the cause of it. Suppose, for instance, that a cooper of careless habits had made one of the kegs. While making the keg, he took up one of the staves, which had a little hole in it. He was too careless to notice it, or to mind it if it was noticed. He put that stave in the keg. The keg was taken to the mill and filled with powder. The wagon is loaded; that keg is put in. The motion of the wagon shakes the powder through the hole. Presently a spark, either struck by the horse's shoe, or coming from some other source, lights on the scattered grains, and the awful mischief is done. How many a calamity, equally terrible, has been caused by a single act of *carelessness!*

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

The Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, which was to be sent to his place on the following morning. The duke, in his morning dress, espied a boy ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, "Hie, mun, come here and gie's a han' wi' this beast." The duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaimed, "Come here, mun, an' help us, as sure as anything I'll give you half I get." The duke went and lent the helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do ye think ye'll get for the job?" "I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks up at the big house are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house the duke disappeared from the boy, and entered a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

The duke, returning to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy. "Well, how much did you get?" "A shilling," said the boy, "and there's half o' it to ye." "But you surely got more than a shilling," said the duke. "No," said the boy, "as sure as death that's a' I got—and d'ye no

think it's plenty?" "I do not," said the duke, "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back, the duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave the shilling." "It was that chap there, with the apron," pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness: learn henceforth that honesty is the best policy." The boy by this time recognised his assistant in the person of the duke, and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his own expense.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

EVERYBODY in the world would like to be happy; but few, very few of the persons we meet with are really so. Why? Because they do not seek to be happy in the right way.

I think I hear a little girl saying, "Oh,

if I were rich, and had plenty to eat, and pretty things to wear, I am *sure* I should be very happy." And another says, "I do not care about being rich, but if I was well, and could run about like other children, then I should be happy."

"But you have a kind mother to take care of you," sighs an orphan child: "my parents are dead; if they could come back again, I should, indeed, be quite happy."

Ah! dear children, if you had all these things, you would find that you *must* have something else before you could say, "I am quite happy." The riches, friends, and pleasures of this world "pass away," or you may die to-morrow, and have to leave them all.

Not long ago I was called to visit an old scholar of mine on her death-bed. Months of agony had she endured, until those who loved her best felt it would be a relief to see her die. Yet, when I left her room, I said, "C—— is the *happiest* person I know." Why? She shall tell you herself.

I had not seen her for some years, and she asked me, "Have you a class now?" "Yes," I replied, "a large one." "I wish I could see them," she said earnestly. "What would you say to them?" I asked. "I would tell them," was her answer, given with the brightest of smiles, "how *happy* it would make them to seek the Lord *early*."

Yes, dear children, this is the way to be

happy, to seek the Lord who shed His precious blood, which is able to wash away all your sins, to seek Him as your Saviour, your Friend, your Guide; to seek and ask for His Holy Spirit; to seek Him *early* in the morning of your days, encouraged by His blessed promise, "Those that seek me early *shall* find me." Do not put it off, or you may not be able to seek Him by and by. You will find Him a Friend who will "never leave you or forsake you;" and when this life is over, He will take you to an inheritance which fadeth not away, for the pleasures at God's right hand are for evermore.

A YOUTHFUL DUKE.

The Duke of Hamilton, who died when a youth at the close of the last century, was, from a child, remarkably serious, and took great delight in reading the Bible, from which he became "wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus."

When about nine years old, the duchess, his mother, told Lady C——r, that she said to him, "Come, write me a few verses, and I'll give you a crown." He sat down, and in a few minutes produced the following lines:—

As e'er the sea-beat shore I took my way,
I met an aged man who bid me stay.
"Be wise," said he, "and mark the path you go,—
This leads to heaven, and *that* to hell below:
The way to life is difficult and steep,
The broad and easy leads you to the deep."

When his death approached, he called his brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the deepest affection and solemnity, closed with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time *you* will be a DUKE, and *I* shall be a KING!" Rev. i. 6.

A FEW GOOD RULES FOR LIFE.

1. PRAY every morning for God's blessing on you during the day.
2. Always be on the watch against temptation to sin.
3. Keep in mind that God's eye is always upon you, in public and in secret.
4. Be very often offering up a prayer, that you may know and do what is right.
5. Keep always in mind that the blood of Jesus must keep your soul clear from the guilt of sin, and that His Holy Spirit alone can help you to serve and please your Saviour.

CHRIST'S COMING.

WHEN our loved parents are away,
Do we not count each passing day,
And watch for their return?
And when the well-known step we hear,
Does it then fill our hearts with fear?
Oh no, with love they burn.

Jesus, the Lord, is dearer far
Than the most tender parents are,
To those who love His name;

And while they mourn His long delay,
It is their joy to watch and pray
For His return again.

But ah! my soul, dost *thou* rejoice
To hear the Saviour's warning voice—
"Behold, I quickly come"?
Say, canst *thou* join the loud "Amen,"
And welcome Jesus here again,
Or must thy lips be dumb?

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

89. To whom did Jesus say, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth"?

90. Find these words, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

91. Who were the people who had "love for all the saints"?

92. What did Joshua do with the five kings he took prisoners?

93. Who was the man who "stole the hearts of the men of Israel" from David?

94. Where are these words, "A false witness shall not be unpunished?"

95. Who said, "I will bless Thee while I live"?

96. To whom did God say, "All nations shall call you blessed"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(81.) Ps. cxix. 77. (82.) 1 Chron. xvi. 31. (83.) Ps. cxviii. 5. (84.) Josh. ix. 15. (85.) Jer. l. 7. (86.) Jer. xxiv. 7. (87.) Luke viii. 15. (88.) Matt. xii. 50.